

Children's Newspaper, January 15, 1938

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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TALES FROM A SOUTH AFRICAN FARM

Massi-Tembo

THE ZAMBESI BOY KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE WOULD KNOW

THESE little tales of life in South Africa are sent to us by the sister of Kingsley Fairbridge, whose name is known and honoured throughout the British Empire.

He was a Rhodesian boy who won a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford, and nothing would have delighted the heart of Cecil Rhodes more than the life and work of this Rhodes Scholar. This boy from Cecil Rhodes's own country cherished within himself the true spirit of Rhodes and carried it out by founding child immigration to Western Australia and laying the beginning of the famous Kingsley Fairbridge Schools, which have been so successful that they are continually being copied and extended.

The sister of Kingsley Fairbridge has long been reading the C.N. with her little daughter Veronica, and she now sends us from Capetown, where they live, these interesting tales of an old character Kingsley Fairbridge knew before the days when he won his Rhodes Scholarship and made himself famous.

The Zambesi Boys

EVERY year numbers of the Zambesi boys come south to Umtali in Southern Rhodesia (Umtali is ten hours from Beira, Portuguese East Africa, on the main railway line) for a few months as labourers, to raise enough cash to return to the Zambesi and purchase a wife to help them to make there a second little Garden of Eden.

One of them, called Massi-Tembo (Hunter), worked for us for many years; he was a great character, and full of all sorts of ideas—Bantu, Portuguese, English, and Scottish, as well as a complete set of his own composed of selections from these.

One day, when I told him to kill a sheep, he said, "Me no like kill sheep!" and on my asking why he replied, "Sheep's my mother!"

"What? This sheep is your mother?"

Then he explained that all natives have their family totem, which is generally an animal, to which their souls and bodies are dedicated, and which, therefore, they may neither kill nor eat.

As I did not want to interfere with his tribal law, I said he might give the sheep to another boy to kill; whereupon he explained further that, although he dare not kill it on his own authority, he would do so if ordered to do so by his master, as then the responsibility would be on the master and not on himself.

So the sheep was killed and eaten, and no one's soul was lost!

He also told us about a great sea captain called Missiri-Hunt, who commanded a steamboat on the Zambesi; if anyone called him simply Hunt he was promptly knocked

overboard with a handspike! Missiri stood for our ordinary word Mister.

Missiri-Hunt was a great sportsman, and one day, after he had wounded a buffalo, and the buffalo charged him when his gun was empty, he sprang up over the beast's horns on to its back, and hung on by his left hand, while with his right hand he plunged his knife into its body till the great beast dropped dead.

Native Name For a Mine

Although this story was told so long ago to my father and myself, I can still see old Massi-Tembo waxing enthusiastic over his wonderful tale. Half the thrill of the story was in watching the expressions flit across the old boy's face, and his gesticulations, when he told how Missiri-Hunt eventually brought his prey to earth.

When we were mining at Mazoe, north-west of Salisbury, we heard a stranger one day ask Massi-Tembo what was the name of our camp, and to our surprise he answered Dumblain!

"Well," said I to my son, "I knew we were Scottish by descent, but I had no idea that the burr was so thick in our speech that even a Kafir could distinguish it."

But on further inquiry we found that Dumblain was merely a corruption of "down below," a common expression, of course, on a steamboat, and as the lower levels of a mine are something like those of a steamer the native had adopted the name Dumblain to mean any mine.

A Terrible Fallacy

Just before Massi-Tembo left us for good (and perhaps the reason why he left) we had a visit from a High Church ecclesiastic who belonged to some brotherhood which wore silver-buckled shoes and a long black surtout, something like the garb of many orders of the Roman Catholic faith.

I was showing this parson round our garden, where Massi-Tembo was working, when I saw him quietly hide behind a tree and carefully keep the tree between us when we passed, with a scandalised expression which I had never seen on his face before. So after the cleric had gone I asked him what he was afraid of.

"Oh," he said, "those people eat the bodies of children!"

It took quite a long time to unravel the fact that the Jesuit fathers who ministered to the sicknesses of the natives in their hospitals on the Zambesi sometimes hold a post-mortem on a child to see what it has died from, and this led to the terrible fallacy among the natives that the children were eaten!

The Light of Liberty



The famous statue of Liberty which has stood at the entrance to New York Harbour for more than 50 years is to be renovated at a cost of £30,000. The torch will be re-wired for 15 powerful electric lamps. Presented to the United States by France in commemoration of the centenary of American independence, the statue is symbolical of the Liberty of the New World; but at the present time the American people are wondering whether the hour has not come for them to abandon their policy of Isolation and make a stand with the other democracies for the defence of Liberty. Liberty is in the shadows, but there is something inspiring in this picture of the statue glowing in the floodlights.

FRANCE AND HER RAILWAYS

The State Takes Over

All the French railways from now onwards are to be on the same basis.

The State which till now has owned only one, the railway of the west, which was not a very good or profitable one, will now own four more, and two of them are to have new names. The Nord, which all who cross the Channel know, keeps its familiar title; the east will cover Alsace and Lorraine, as well as its present lines; but the old P.L.M. to the Riviera becomes the South-East; and the Paris Orleans Midi will be the South-West.

Other alterations more important than change of name are to be made. The State will be the owner of all, and will exercise authority over their finances. But the railways will be run by their present directors and staffs.

The system is in some ways like that adopted by Germany 14 years ago. There the State owns the railways, but entrusts their management and administration to a single private company.

In both countries the object of the change is to cut down expense and to dovetail the railway services, as well as to improve them, and link up railway and road transport. Something had to be done in France, because the loss on the running of French railways amounts at the present time to over 224 millions.

It is hoped that the new company will be able to reduce it and make the railways pay their way.

National Documents

The Public Record Office has received a very interesting document from the Admiralty, the file of despatches sent home by Captain Bligh describing the Mutiny on the Bounty.

One of the papers dated from Batavia in 1789 begins: "Sir, I beg you will present the enclosed account of my transactions and of the loss of his Majesty's Ship Bounty under my command." Another document in this file describes the act of the mutiny and the astounding journey of Captain Bligh and his 18 companions for 3000 miles in an open boat.

Another historic record now displayed in the Record Office is the muster roll of the Bellerophon, which includes the name of Napoleon for the date of his surrender, July 15, 1815.

A Village in the Dark

The village of Crawley Down in Sussex will be in darkness for another year, for the proposal for street lighting has again been beaten.

Although it was one of the first villages in England to have street lighting, in the three years from 1897 to 1900, it has been in darkness ever since. The parish clerk blames the gentry for this state of affairs, saying that they oppose it on the grounds of expense. There are six lamp standards, but they have no tops.

60,000 Tons Blown Up

The force of an explosion at Settle in Yorkshire was felt half a mile away on the last day of last year.

It was a blast of 60,000 tons of limestone rock in a quarry, one section of the quarry face rising over 200 feet being bodily removed by the explosion of six tons of gunpowder.

Paris Exhibition

The Paris Exhibition is not, after all, to remain open next year; the French Senate has voted against the reopening, and the workmen are demolishing what is generally admitted to have been the finest exhibition in Europe for very many years.

PEACE SAFEST WITH THE DEMOCRACIES

The President Speaks to the World

EVEN though it is ten days ago most people have probably not yet lost the thrill of sitting by the fire listening to President Roosevelt addressing Congress at Washington.

All the world has been deeply interested in his speech, which was divided into two parts: a brief introduction on the international situation and a striking analysis of the situation in the United States.

The President declared his undaunted faith in Democracy. The world was in a state of high tension and disorder, he said, with civilisation actually threatened, and there was a trend in the world away from the observance of treaties. America proposed to keep her treaty obligations, but could not be sure of others. The readiness to break treaties seemed to follow readiness to destroy democracy.

It would seem, therefore, said the President, that peace was safest in the hands of democratic governments and that it is most greatly jeopardised by those nations where democracy has been abandoned, or has never been developed. He believed, therefore, that civilised man would insist in the long

run on having a part in his own government, and the American people believed that democracy would be restored or established in those nations which today know it not. In that faith, said Mr Roosevelt, lies the future peace of mankind.

Turning to home affairs, the President made an earnest appeal to big business men to cooperate with the Government for the improvement of the economic condition of the nation and the social condition of the people. He called upon capitalists to cease abusing their powers, declared that a minimum wage and maximum hours of labour were essential, that child labour could profit nobody, and that the National Budget could only be balanced if every citizen who was willing to work was protected from starvation, if all concerned co-operated to save expenditure, and if taxation was brought to the necessary level to meet expenditure.

He remained determined to carry on; and the President ended his great speech with these words:

I do not propose to let the people down. I am sure the Congress of the United States will not let the people down.

FRANCE PUTS BACK THE CLOCK

December 33

By putting back the clock France began the New Year better than she ended the old one.

In the last days of 1932 Paris had to trudge to work in the middle of a general strike, and the French Budget showed a deficit.

The strike fizzled out and the French Chamber of Deputies, by agreeing to stop the clock till January 2 secured a balanced Budget before the New Year was legally recognised. We have grown accustomed to juggling with the clock so as to give us longer days in summer, but this is the first time any Parliament has drawn out the year till December 33, in order to balance the nation's finances.

But all's well that ends well, and it is possible to say even of the Paris strike that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Where everybody else lost when the municipal workers stopped the trams, buses, tubes, and dust carts, the Paris street traders received an unexpected Christmas box.

The Paris street trader pays for his pitch a daily sum which is collected on the spot. It is a movable spot, so that if no one is there to collect it on a

Monday he cannot be called on to pay for it on the Tuesday. On the day of the strike the officials who collected it downed tools along with the rest of the municipal workers of the transport and street-cleaning services. So the street traders carried on in the dirty streets without payment, and probably had in other ways a good day of it.

The loss to the Paris Municipality was serious; the inconvenience to the public and especially to a million workers great, and nobody but the street trader was a penny the better. When the strikers went back at five the next morning to their buses, tubes, and dust carts, they were short of a day's pay. They may have induced the authorities to consider their claims for more pay, but while the Paris municipality, like the Government, is struggling hard to make ends meet, they will have to wait a long time.

In short, the strike did damage to the pocket and the temper of everyone except the street trader. Some strikes command sympathy, but the silly Paris affair only shows that strikers should first make sure of public sympathy.

A PICTURE IN SIX PIECES

A REMARKABLE story lies behind the gift to the National Gallery of four panels belonging to a 15th century altar. They may be seen completing the picture in the exhibition at Burlington House.

This beautiful altar was the work of the Florentine artist Pesellino, who was commissioned to paint it for the church of St Trinita in Pistoia. The artist died suddenly before the work was finished, and the picture was completed by the famous Filippo Lippi.

It is not known when the altar disappeared from the church, but in 1836 it was found to be still intact, though it was not to remain so for long, for soon afterwards it was cut up into six pieces, all of which were sold separately.

Now began the remarkable adventures of these panels. One of them, representing the Trinity, was bought for the National Gallery at a sale 74 years ago. Two (pictures of angels) were found in English collections during the

Great War and came into the possession of the Gallery. The fourth, a panel of saints (found in George the Fifth's collection), and the fifth, found ten years later, were both presented to the Nation, leaving only one section of the picture still missing. This was a piece containing four panels, which has just been given to the National Gallery by Mr and Mrs Felix Warburg.

So the famous altar is complete again, except for one missing fragment which has been restored by Professor Tristram.

Six Horses Saved

CN readers have now contributed £60 11s to the Old War Horse Fund. We acknowledge a second donation from our unknown Plymouth friend, this time thirty shillings; and gifts from Bradford, Orkney, and Tough in Aberdeenshire. The number of Old War Horses now saved by C N readers is six.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Homework has been banned in the infants' school and is only to be set in junior and senior schools on a voluntary basis at Mansfield.

A grey seal was found dead in a pool in the River Fiddich, Banffshire, having swum 20 miles from the estuary of the Spey at Garmouth.

Travellers in Egypt may now see the Sphinx floodlit for the first time.

The old windmill at Ivinghoe has been given to the National Trust, and will be restored and made into a picturesque landmark.

All the cats in the Greek town of Missolonghi, where Byron died, are to be destroyed, owing to an epidemic.

Forty-one casualties, including seven deaths, have resulted from a fire on a Japanese train caused by a spark from a cigarette falling on celluloid toys.

A stamp collection insured for £60,000, including stamps worth £1000 and £1500 each, arrived in London the other day, and was given a police escort.

A memorial is to be erected to the memory of John Roney, of Douglas, Isle of Man, who saved more than 30 people from drowning. He was an attendant at Port Skillion open-air baths, and died last October.

A new invention which automatically closes doors and windows as soon as it begins to rain or snow is now on show in Leipzig.

Some Germans have been fined for feeding their poultry with grain.

Children at Woking in Surrey are not allowed to cycle to school unless they are over ten and live more than a mile and a quarter from their school.

Three British firms have received the biggest order for buses ever given by the New South Wales Transport Department.

Germany's new Zeppelin is nearly finished. It is being built to take the place of the ill-fated Hindenburg, and will fly the Atlantic next April.

THINGS SEEN

A standard rose in full bloom in a garden at Winchmore Hill.

An acre of wheat growing on a small holding in Bedfordshire.

Primroses blooming in Cornwall on New Year's Day.

Ripe strawberries growing in open gardens in Cornwall.

THINGS SAID

I feel certain that Germany wishes to make friends with us. Bishop of London.

We are farther away from war, bar accidents, than a year ago. Mr Lansbury

We must do everything possible to remove the causes which make nations restless and discontented.

Bishop of Winchester

We cannot produce as Britons on the C3 rations of D-pressed areas.

Headmaster of Blaina Boys School

If our population drops to the five million prophesied, such a tiny race will never be allowed to retain the vast territories of the Empire.

Bishop of Chelmsford

The consumption of food, drink, and tobacco in Britain has risen by 20 per cent since 1929.

Parliamentary Secretary to Board of Trade

If the world could be remodelled to our liking every school would be open-air, in a country or seaside setting.

Chief Medical Officer, Board of Education

Agriculture is losing 40,000 acres a year, and the country is in the middle of a serious rural crisis.

Professor R. G. Stapledon

January 15, 1938

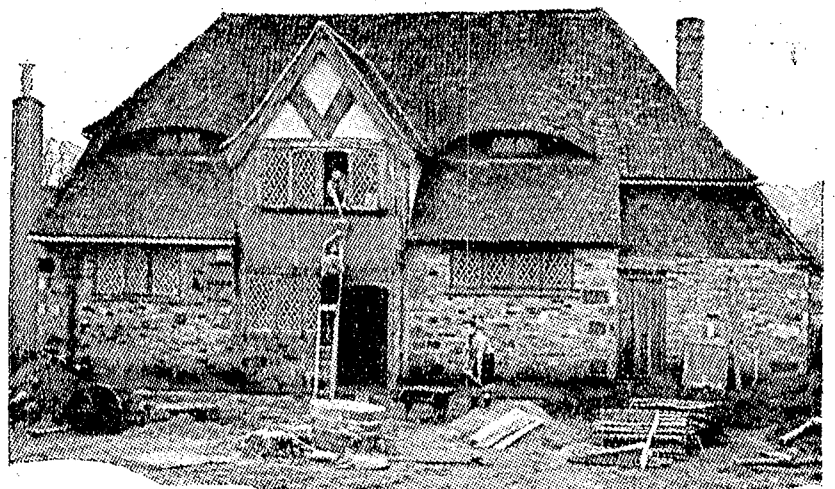
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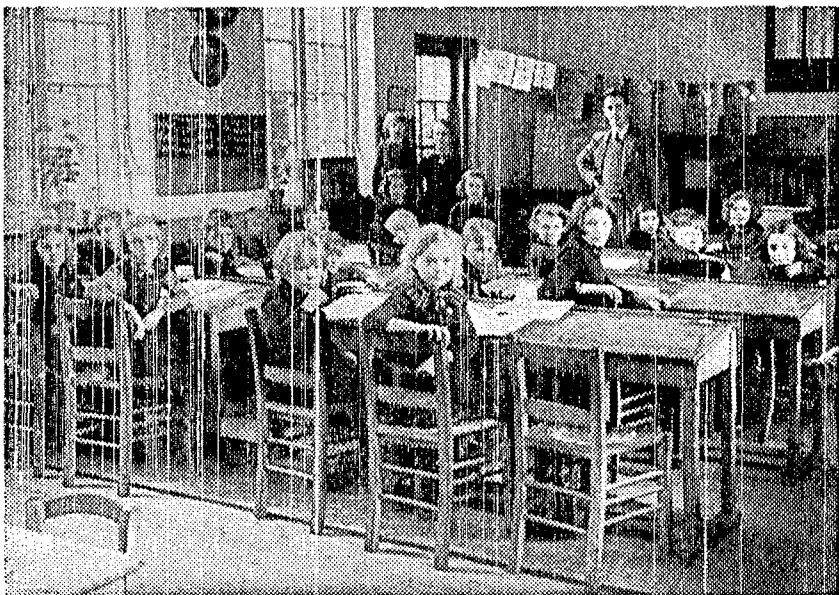
Refugees in Spain • Scouts Build Their Own Headquarters



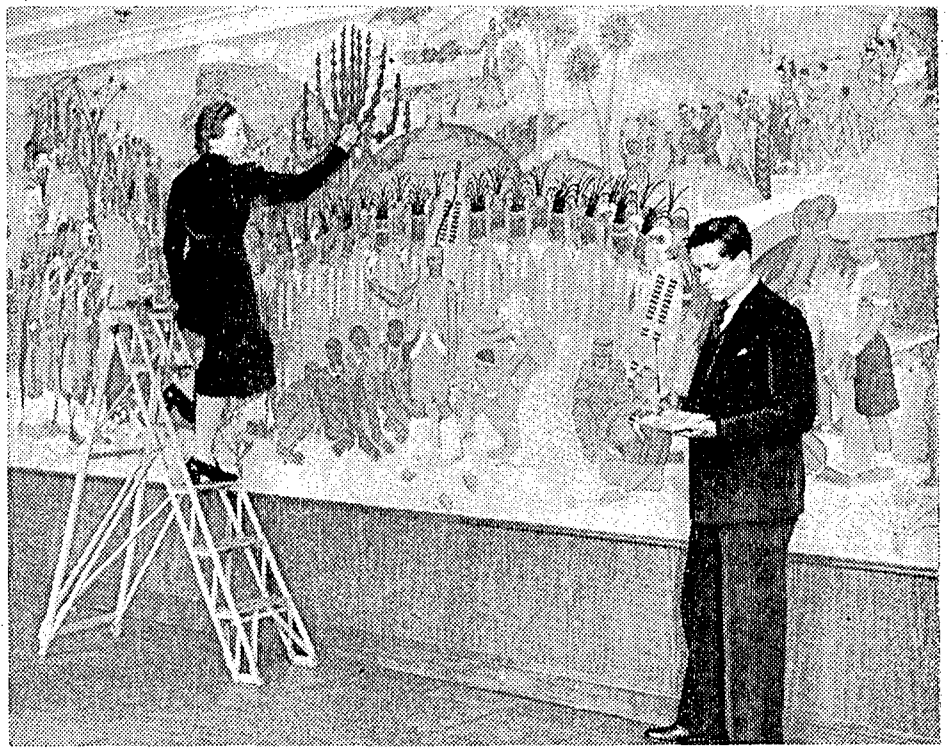
Refugees—Bitterly cold weather in Spain has added to the hardships of people forced to flee from the fighting zone near Teruel



Scout Builders—At Godstone in Surrey the Scouts have built themselves a headquarters. The framework was once a 15th century Sussex barn, and the stones have been gathered from demolished buildings in various parts of the country



British School in Flanders—These boys and girls, children of the men who tend the British war graves, have a school in the rebuilt town of Ypres. The school was founded as a memorial to Old Etonians who fell in the war.



South Africa in London—A remarkable wall painting covering 500 square feet has just been finished in South Africa House, London. It illustrates Zulu life, and the two young artists, Miss Eleanor Esmonde-White and Mr Leroux Smith Leroux, have been occupied on it for two years

PROGRESS IN HUNGARY

Everyone Must Vote

Hungary will have to go to the poll this year. There is no escape. Every voter must vote.

No apathy like that so often alleged by the losing side in our democratic country will be allowed. Every Hungarian citizen over 26 years who has reached the sixth standard at school or, failing that, has served in the field (military or agricultural) and can read and write must go to the polling booth and make his cross against the names of the candidates.

The Hungarian citizeness has four years grace as a voter. The age of 30 is her limit; but if her husband has a vote she has one also. If she is self-supporting all that is required of her is that she must be as intellectual as the male voter of 26.

After the age of 30 everyone comes in, and in fact will have to come in, provided they can read the Election addresses and write their own name.

Television

America has its first mobile television station. One van, provides operating positions on the roof for the cameras, and the other a trolley aerial for relaying pictures back to the National Broadcasting Company.

Crisis in Cairo

TROUBLE OF A BLUESHIRT ARMY

A DIFFICULT situation has arisen in Egypt, a conflict between the young King and Nahas Pasha, the Prime Minister, leader of the Wafdist party, ending in King Farouk dismissing Nahas Pasha and appointing Mohammed Mahmud Pasha in his place.

The new Prime Minister, who was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, has formed a strong Government from the opponents of the Wafdists, and his first step was the disbanding of a private army known as the Blue Shirts.

The violent methods and the lack of discipline of this Wafdist force was one of the causes of the political crisis, but in addition was a fear on each side that arbitrary powers were being aimed at.

Under the Egyptian Constitution the King has the prerogative of choosing his Ministers, though they must win the approval of Parliament. This apparently did not satisfy Nahas Pasha, who proposed to introduce a Bill imposing penal servitude for life and a heavy fine on any Prime Minister who failed to secure a majority and continued in office without holding a General Election. King Farouk protested against the insult to himself implied in this measure, and also considered that it would give a monopoly of power to the Wafdists, whose Blue Shirts were intended as a force to defend the party against the national police. Nahas Pasha had also quarrelled with

King Farouk over his appointment of Ali Maher Pasha as Chief of the Royal Cabinet, a body which advises the King and is assumed to be as much above party as the King himself; and it is not in dispute that hitherto the King has acted constitutionally and impartially.

It will be remembered that King Fuad, the previous ruler of Egypt, on more than one occasion dissolved a Wafdist Parliament and then established a Dictatorship, and it was the fear of this again happening which may have been the reason for Nahas Pasha's actions.

The Wafdists are proud of the part they took in making the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and securing full freedom for their country. We trust that both they and the other parties in Egypt will settle their problems in a democratic way, without relying on party armies and despotic methods of government.

Even Pigs Have Troubles

Two pedigree Berkshire pigs have at last arrived in Sydney from Montreal, their journey having been delayed a month owing to religious reasons. The Mohammedan crew of the ship they should have gone by objected to them so strongly, refusing to work until they were put ashore, that the pigs had to wait for the arrival of the next vessel sailing to Australia.

THE COW BEATS THE LAMB

Glory to Mussolini

Enclosed in a letter from an English friend in Rome came a scrap of wool.

It was as light as thistledown, but wool it certainly seemed to be. But it was artificial wool, made out of milk.

It was one of the exhibits at the Textile Exhibition in Rome, where the whole process of making it from milk is being shown. The milk is first deprived of most of its cream and then chemically treated so as to make the casein in the milk coagulate.

From vats the casein is transferred to tanks half filled with water and more chemicals to dissolve the casein, and the result is a sticky mixture which can be made into fibres by squirting it through fine holes in a spinning nozzle.

The fibres pass through an alkaline bath, and are then bound up in bundles, dried by steam heat, and declared ready for spinning and weaving into fabrics.

The final result is Lanital, the Italian artificial wool of which 960 tons was produced in 1937.

A placard at the exhibition ascribes all the glory to Mussolini!

Walt Disney's first full-length film, just shown in Hollywood, consists of over two million drawings, all done in pastel shades of technicolour, having taken three years to make.

COTSWOLD CHARM

Transforming An Old Village

An interesting experiment is to be made in one of the beauty spots of the Cotswolds, where a 300-year-old village is to be refashioned without losing anything of its ancient charm.

It is the village of Cornwell, standing on land bought recently by Mr Anthony Gillson, who decided not to pull down the old buildings but to try to show that the beauty of old English cottage architecture is not incompatible with modern standards of hygiene and comfort. The architect whose task it is to try to modernise the village is Mr Clough Williams-Ellis, who has done so much to preserve the beauty of the countryside. He plans to give the village a main drainage system and a water supply laid on in every cottage, to give each cottage electric light and wall plugs for wireless, and where possible to enlarge windows. Gardens and allotments will be laid out, and a disused school is to be converted into a village hall.

A good deal of the work is being done under the Rural Workers Housing Act, under which grants up to £100 are obtainable for reconstructing cottages.

Maidstone Lights Up

Maidstone has a new lamplighter, the first of the kind in England.

The lamplighter stands by a switchboard and presses a button, when the lamps spring into a glow at once. He can press another button and they all go out together again.

The switchboard is at the central transmitting station of the electric supply network which covers Maidstone with electric current mains and branches.

This main Maidstone supply is one of 6600-volt alternating current. On it by the new lamplighting system can be superimposed high-frequency electric ripples from another source, with a cycle between 300 and 900 volts.

These electric ripples flowing on the main stream are the means by which the lamps are lighted or extinguished.

There are already 500 relay stations installed at various points to receive and to respond to the ripples, so that one part of the town can be lighted while another is left in darkness. But the general effect is that the whole of Maidstone's electric street lamps are turned on or shut off in a few seconds by one man at a switchboard.

The first man to turn them on was the Electric Commissioner for the district.

The Gentle Art of Making Friends

There is good tidings of peace from Waziristan on the Indian frontier, from which good news comes seldom.

In that troublous region the Kakari clan of the Bahlozai Mahsuds have a long-standing reputation as disturbers of the peace and as effective snipers of the British police forces striving to preserve it.

Before the old year had ended some of the Bahlozai Mahsuds, while engaged in the unusually harmless occupation of building a road in the Shaktu Valley, were overwhelmed and buried by a landslide.

News came quickly to Madamir Kalai, where a British officer with a company of Scouts was stationed, and the officer and his Scouts were quickly on the scene of the accident. They got two of the men out alive.

The Kakari clan was so touched by this act of mercy that they held a tribal meeting to talk it over, and invited their women to attend. By unanimous vote the tribe decided that there should be no more hostilities against the rescuers.

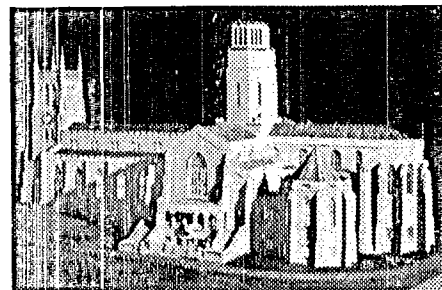
THREE CATHEDRALS RISING

Blackburn's Noble Church

Is it not a wonderful thing to reflect upon that three cathedrals are rising in Lancashire?

Not only are the two cathedrals in Liverpool growing apace, but the work of transforming the existing cathedral church of Blackburn into a magnificent shrine has begun.

The drawings and plans of this new cathedral, for which Mr W. A. Forsyth is architect, show how stately will be the appearance of the building, and how worthy it is to be of the biggest cotton manufacturing town in the world. A model of the complete building is going the round of the towns and villages in the diocese to inspire their people to give generously to the building fund. A penny a week for everybody is the slogan broadcast by Blackburn's bishop who estimates



The model of Blackburn Cathedral

that if only half the homes gave this for 18 months the £150,000 still required would be raised, and the builders could go forward without delay.

A sum of £55,000 has already been given, and the laying of the foundations for the great tower and the transepts has begun. The area now being dealt with actually covers as much ground as the present church, which will become the nave of the cathedral. As there is a drop in the ground level east of the old church the transepts will have below their floors a series of vestries and meeting-rooms, and it is these that will first be completed, with the outer walls of the transepts rising to 17 feet.

The completion of transepts and tower, a choir 95 feet long, chapels big and small, and a chapter house, will be provided for by the £150,000. Gothic in its design so as to harmonise with the older building, the new building will be modern in what architects call massing, and it is the central tower with its eight faces pierced only by tall, narrow lancets which gives this effect.

An Open-Air Pulpit

One of the features on the outside of the south transept will be an open-air pulpit projecting under a canopy from the central arch of the arcade. Fitted with a microphone, it is anticipated that there will be occasions when loudspeakers will carry the voice of the preacher to thousands gathered on the sunny side of the great church.

Another useful feature will be the refectory, a guest room under the chapel in which visitors to the cathedral may rest. As some people will have travelled 30 miles to attend a service in their cathedral, this room will be as welcome as is the rest room at Chester Cathedral.

The foundation-stone of the new cathedral will be laid next summer, when it is hoped sufficient pennies and bigger sums will have been given to enable the building of the transepts to be carried on without any break.

The Editor feels sure that a few C N readers will wish to have a stone in Blackburn's Cathedral, and the bishop will be glad to acknowledge any odd half-crowns C N readers may send him.

This Week's Book Token

The Book Token this week has been awarded to Kathleen Hunter of Perth, for her letter asking for Grey Owl's Pilgrims of the Wild, published by Lovat Dickson.

Kent's Welcome To Its King's England Volume

One quarter of the King's England volumes, in which the Editor is surveying the towns and villages of England and all that is in them, is now completed. The country's welcome to this vast enterprise has been remarkable, and we give below a few opinions of the Kent volume.

No better popular book on Kent has been written, and it is impossible to believe ever will be written, than Arthur Mee's Kent.

The Star

Who before has captured the spirit of Kent in such penetrating style?

Kent Messenger

One can read it again and again. It is certainly something new, and provides a complete picture of Kent.

Kentish Observer

We venture to assert that no other history of Kent has been produced in such compact form, so completely and pictorially covered, as this one. It is a magnificent piece of work.

East Kent Gazette

Its equal has never been written. All the well-known historical facts are there, and many not well known, presented in such an enthralling manner that one is loth to put down the book.

Chatham Observer

Many have tried to tell Kent's story, but none have succeeded until now. At last we have the perfect county book, a book dealing not with private inaccessible treasures and places, but with every man's Kent, the Kent you and I may go and see for ourselves. It needed the puckish, scholarly mind of Arthur Mee to find it all out and condense the tremendous story in one book without losing its rich flavour or bright colour. . . . What a task! But he has done it. It reads like a romantic adventure.

Sydenham Gazette

A book which will always be a companion to the reader who loves the wonder and beauty of Kent.

Sevenoaks Chronicle

You can pick up Kent at any page and read it with the zest and thrill that you get out of your morning paper.

Ramsgate Advertiser

In a minute you can find any place and lose yourself for hours.

Dartford Chronicle

As far as Kent is concerned I know of no book which does what this professes to do. It is in a class by itself.

Kent County Journal

A great event for Kent has happened in the world of books—a book about the towns and villages of Kent by one whose eyes are always aware of the beauty of things around him, whose pen can always find a beautiful way of expression, and who has drawn to himself the affection of thousands of his readers. The book truly does for the county what no book has done before.

Kentish Independent

Mr Arthur Mee is to be congratulated not only upon the exhaustive extent of the work but upon the delightful manner in which he presents the Kentish countryside. . . . It gives us, perhaps for the first time in so complete and simple form, the whole history of this lovely county.

Folkestone Herald

It does more for our county than any other book yet printed.

Deal Mercury

This book ought to be in every school library. Stories as entrancing as fairy tales. A work to be proud of. The amount of information within the covers is a matter for wonder.

Tonbridge Free Press

HEARING THE WAY

Safety on the Rail

Trains of 1938 will see the way, feel the way, and hear the way.

Red, yellow, and green lights now are guiding the trains on the railways as well as the cars on the roads.

The lights are swiftly replacing on the rails the old signalling semaphore arms; just as they are superseding in the city streets the policeman's uplifted hand, which, in the lines of a modern poet, used to "conduct the orchestral Strand."

The innovation does not end there. The locomotive driver can be made to hear the signals as well as see them, or instead of seeing them, when fog blots out even the brightest lights.

On the G.W.R. an engine-driver receives in his cab a warning he can hear of the position of a "caution" signal he is approaching but cannot see. If the line is clear a bell in the cab rings. If the signal is against the train a siren blows in the driver's ears, and at the same time the brakes are automatically applied. The brakes remain on, the siren continues to sound, till the driver acknowledges the warning by lifting a small handle in the cab.

Lighting Up the Signals Ahead

The way the warning works is this: An electric wire runs from the signalman's box to a secondary rail on the railway line. An iron shoe is fitted on the locomotive so as to make contact with the secondary rail, and so receive from it and from the wire the message the signalman sends. Some 2600 miles of rail on the main lines are thus fitted up.

The companion device to this is to make the approaching trains light up ahead the signals they are to pass. This has been installed on long stretches of track on the four main-line railways. On the Southern Railway twin yellow lights have been introduced to give the drivers of steam or electric trains information about the state of the line ahead.

While the engine-driver's warnings have been multiplied the hard and nerve-testing work of the signalman is being lessened, and his liability to error taken out of his hands. The old type of signal-box with heavy levers hard to pull over is going. Already 1500 main-line signal-boxes have power-operated levers, which can be moved almost as easily as those of a typewriter.

A Scarcity of Accidents

These and other inventions by which signal-boxes can communicate electrically with their neighbours on either side, telephone systems, electric motors to move points, are among the other devices by which the railways seek Safety First. No human device is proof against breakdown; but how near the railways get to the ideal is shown by the scarcity of accidents to the millions of railway travellers in a year.

As the C.N. lately remarked, the casualties on our roads in two days are more numerous than those which were caused by the railway disaster between Edinburgh and Glasgow last month. That calamity filled pages in the newspapers, while the victims of the roads have only passing mention.

The reason is clear. The railways take precaution against accidents; and so seldom have them that when they occur the country is shocked and surprised.

If the roads were only as carefully guarded the result would be the same.

Underground Car Parking

One of the world's widest streets is in Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina.

It is the Ninth of July Avenue and is 150 yards from kerb to kerb, and runs straight through the heart of the city from north to south. To make room for it £2,000,000 was spent in demolishing buildings. One section of it was opened last October, and under this are subterranean parking places for cars.

Buenos Aires has found this method of parking the ideal solution of a problem.

A SURPRISE FOR WILLIAM

A Coventry workman sat down to eat his lunch one day not long ago.

Opening a newspaper parcel, he took out his sandwiches one by one, reading the paper at the same time. While doing so his eye fell on a legal notice, and to his astonishment he saw the name of one of his mates. "Here, William," he said, "you'd better look into this."

William looked into it, and the result was that he found himself heir to £20,000. He is Mr William Seddon, and the money was left by his uncle, brother of a former New Zealand Prime Minister.

THE KINEMA IN A MUSEUM

The Science Museum has received a collection of early cinematographic apparatus and material by one of the pioneers of the industry, Mr Charles Urban.

Much original literature and correspondence relating to the kinemacolor films of the Coronation of George the Fifth in 1911 and of the Delhi Durbar, have also been acquired for the museum. Another interesting exhibit is a reflecting telescope with mirrors instead of lenses, made in 1726 by the inventor of the sextant, John Hadley.

LIFE UNDER THE PENNINES

Members of the Craven Pothole Club in Yorkshire are hoping to make a scientific study of the various forms of life which have been found in the underground rivers of the Pennines.

No very close investigation has ever been made of the creatures which live in perpetual midnight, and it will be interesting to explore this branch of natural history.

Microscopic forms of life of a kind hitherto unknown have already been brought to light from the deep waters flowing under the mountains, and these are to be sent to experts for classification. The streams flowing through caverns measureless to man are known to have their inhabitants, and blind fish have been found in the subterranean rivers below Chapel-le-Dale and Ingleton. The careful study of these is sure to be worth while.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

This is how a member of a stock-broking firm in the City replies to the questions he is asked about what is going to happen in the future:

There is so much writing on the wall that you cannot read it.

A SCHOOL'S 12 ROOMS

A new type of school has been started in Austria by Dr Arthur Krupp, who has some novel ideas.

He wants to sweep away narrow-minded nationalism in education, and in the first of the schools he has just built at Berndorf there are twelve equipped classrooms, each artistically fitted out in the style of a different period of culture, making the children familiar with twelve epochs and twelve nations.

There is a room showing the architecture of Egypt with ancient hieroglyphics, and another decorated in the style of the Moors. There are Chinese, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Renaissance, Tudor, Baroque, and Empire rooms, and modern architecture has not been forgotten.

Dr Krupp hopes the children educated in these light and spacious schoolrooms will gain a love for beautiful things and a fuller understanding of other countries.

A BOER FLAG

Blackburn has restored a flag which came into the possession of a Blackburn soldier during the South African War.

After Lord Roberts' entry into Pretoria Private Marshall of Blackburn noticed a Boer flag still flying over one of the buildings. He hauled it down and brought it home as a relic. The flag has now been accepted by the High Commissioner for South Africa "as an additional link in the friendship now existing between the two Governments."

The offer is accepted with "much gratitude and appreciation throughout South Africa."

A Caterpillar's Hall of Fame

A N old acquaintance of the C N, the *Cactoblastis cactarum*, is not among the New Year honours; but it should be.

A Memorial Hall has been erected at Chinchilla in Queensland to this famous caterpillar which has done so well for its adopted country. It is the destroyer of the prickly pear, which was fast becoming the destroyer of pastoral Queensland.

As the C N has more than once noted, the prickly pear cactus, introduced into Australia by Governor Philip just 150 years ago, had got such a hold, especially in Queensland, that it was overrunning the land at the rate of a million acres a year. Thirteen years ago the prickly pear covered an area in Australia twice the size of England and Wales. Burping, spraying, poison gas all failed to impede

the rapid progress of this injurious plant. Then in the Botanic Gardens of La Plata, in the Argentine, an orange red caterpillar, striped with black bands and about an inch long, was found and bred. It had an insatiable appetite for prickly pear. It ate it down to the roots, and then devoured the roots as well.

It was brought to Queensland, and cultivated. In the first two years more than two million caterpillars were let loose on the prickly pear areas. Then, as the years went on, 500 million more joined the army, which now numbers billions. It has already wrested 23 million acres from the ancient pest; and that is why the Chinchilla Memorial Hall has been opened to do honour to its labours, while the scientific staff co-operates in them.

TROUBLE PASSES

A friend of ours in Queensland sends us a most unusual story.

On his station the water supply for stock depends on artesian bores, and one day this supply, which spouted out at a million gallons an hour, failed. The situation was desperate; thousands of cattle and sheep were in danger of dying of thirst. Experts were sent by plane to the spot and after a long consultation decided to sink another bore, about fifty feet from the original one. About 4000 feet down they struck water again, a fortunate event.

Artesian well water is very hard, but with its aid gardens and stock flourish in the midst of desert land.

AGED 450

A family of five sisters and one brother live at Huddersfield whose combined ages reach the total of 450 years. The eldest is 85 and the youngest 67 years.

A WONDER CLOCK

Visitors to Weimar in Germany may once again see the city's Wonder Clock in the Castle Museum, for it has been repaired by a local clockmaker.

It was built in 1704 for the Duke of Weimar by Johannes Asmann, and besides telling the time of day it recorded the Duke's age from time to time, and also the position of the sun and moon in the heavens. But that was not all. On each day of the week a different picture of some Biblical subject appeared to remind the Duke of his pious duties.

For 150 years this clock did its duty nobly, and then one day, probably owing to the strain of being adjusted to tell the ages of successive Dukes in turn, it stopped.

Now it is again the city's pride, drawing visitors from far and wide.

THE SCHOOL SLATE

The ancient school slate, now considered obsolete, is being revived in Germany to save paper.

The Education Office has decreed that children during their first two years at school must use slates instead of exercise books.

Germany's difficulty in paying for imports remains serious, and as wood or wood pulp for paper-making has to be imported, she has to cut down the use of paper as much as possible.

A Q CAMP FOR BOYS

Prison is no place for boy offenders, and many people doubt its value for any offenders, and great interest attaches to the Q Camp for boy delinquents which has been established near London.

It consists of 26 acres of land where the boys can live as a self-governing colony. They live under canvas in summer and in wooden huts in winter.

The boys make their own laws and learn to discipline themselves. They have a Camp Council and obey it. They pass from delinquency to usefulness and self-respect, and after 18 months' experience the plan seems to be succeeding.

A WIRELESS EXPERIMENT

Before 1938 is done the Post Office hopes to experiment with Radio Relay.

The idea is that a public service shall be introduced into Southampton by which broadcast programmes will be relayed along special wires, subscribers being able to listen-in for 1s 6d a week after paying a small initial cost and buying their own loudspeaker.

The experiment is expected to cost about £200,000; and in addition to the main public service over special wires there is to be an attempt to distribute broadcast programmes over the telephone wires already in use.

THE LIGHT SHINES FORTH

For something like 300 years no beacon light has shone in the lantern tower of All Saint's Church in York, but for the last few nights of the old year a light gleamed there again.

Above the roofs, amid the spires of many churches, like a yellow eye in the darkness over the old city, the new light reminded the citizens of the centuries when the Forest of Gaultree, which Shakespeare mentions, came almost to the very walls.

Though the tower in which the old beacon burned has been rebuilt, it is a copy of the old, and is one of the loveliest examples of its kind to be found in the north of England.

OLD PAPERS

Two documents relating to the foundation of the College of Vicars Choral have come to light in the library of York Minster.

For some time the librarian has been investigating a number of medieval documents, and it was while dealing with these that he came upon a parcel in which were two 13th century deeds which are the Minster's earliest authorities for the foundation of the famous college. One is believed to have been made in 1252, and the other, dated October 15, 1258, confirms the foundation of the college.

CURFEW SHALL RING

For centuries curfew has rung every night at South Luffenham in Rutland, and it is still to ring.

Until a few days ago people feared that the old custom might be discontinued, for no one could be found to ring the bell, the payment having been much reduced; but a woman has promised to see that curfew rings from the 14th century tower with its curiously crocketed spire.

In his book on Leicestershire and Rutland (one of the King's England series) Arthur Mee tells us that one of South Luffenham's four bells is the earliest dated bell in the county, for it was made in 1563, when Elizabeth was Queen.

MUSEUM PIECE

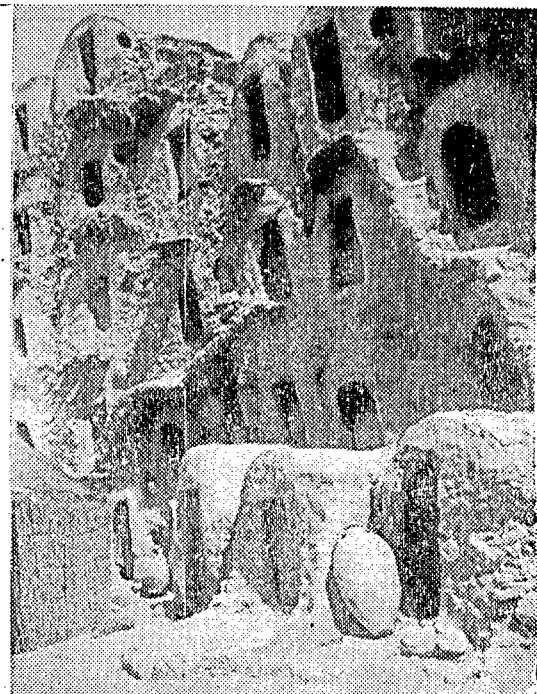
Sydney, in New South Wales, has given shelter to a poor old hansom cab which has seen better days.

One of only four of its kind in the streets, this relic, now almost a curiosity, was driven up to the doors of the Technological Museum, one of the museum's curators being its last fare. The cab, the driver, the horse, and the passenger were ceremoniously received at the front door, and then the old hansom was taken indoors to become a museum piece, for the people of Sydney realise that to the next generation the hansom cab will be a thing of the past.

How long will it be before boys and girls will have to go to a museum if they want to see a horse?

There's No Place Like Home

Below are the crowded native huts of a hillside village in the Selukwe district of Southern Rhodesia; and, on the right, homes cut out of the rock at Medenln in Tunis



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 15 1938

Fire

WHAT is the charge brought against Democracy in these days of Dictators?

It is said that Democracy is slow to move, and so it is; it must be quickened up.

All our lives we have been hearing politicians talk of giving children pure milk.

All our lives we have been hearing of the cruel traffic in worn-out horses.

All our lives we have been told that our Governments were making war on slums.

And for ten years now the C N has been doing its best to stir the public conscience concerning celluloid. We have given case after case of little children burned to death by celluloid dolls and celluloid rattles. The Home Office has at last appointed a Select Committee to look into this question, and we must all hope that 1938 will see the end of these toys in the hands of children.

But will it be believed by the English people that in the very days when this Select Committee is settling down to work the Treasury has taken a step for the great encouragement of the making of celluloid dolls and celluloid rattles?

On November 17 the Import Duties Advisory Committee recommended to the Treasury an additional duty on certain celluloid dolls and celluloid rattles imported from abroad in order to encourage the trade at home, and on December 19 the Treasury issued an order giving effect to this.

The proposal for the encouragement of this trade in dangerous toys is signed by Lord May as Chairman of the Import Duties Committee; and the Committee informs the Treasury that there is a large demand for these cheaper kinds of rattles and dolls, and that it is satisfied that a further measure of protection, especially in regard to the cheap and medium qualities of these goods, is required to enable the industry to secure and maintain a fair share of the trade at prices which would yield a reasonable profit.

It is the cheap inflammable toys that are to be encouraged, the poorest toy a little child can have, ready to blaze up and burn it to death as the child sits in front of the fire.

The C N begs every mother to keep these things far from her little ones, and every father to write to his M P to ask the meaning of this incredible news.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter, House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Peace

No one can deny the self-sacrifice of the German people in extricating themselves from the Slough of Despond in which they were fallen before Herr Hitler took them in hand.

In the five years of Germany's New Deal six million unemployed have found work, the national income has increased, and the German mark has not fallen.

Nor need anyone quarrel with the Fuhrer's triumphant declaration that the despised and outlawed nation of 1933 has become a proud people and a strong State. Germany can protect itself; and all that any critic need urge is that Patriotism is not enough.

Peace, Herr Hitler declares, is the most precious asset of the German people, and it is true. But no nation can preserve peace singlehanded. It is a task for all the world. Let Germany join with Europe in securing it and she will find the world full of friends.

Where is it?

WHERE is Formosa? Where is Daventry? Where is Hankow? Where is Adelaide?

At any moment something may happen to demand knowledge of these places. How little we know!

A well-known cable company has found it necessary to appoint a lecturer on World Communications to help new members of its staff to find their way about the world. The manager says it is unfortunate that geography is so much neglected in schools. Few boys and girls who apply to them for posts have even the most elementary knowledge of the subject. One girl placed New York in Yorkshire, San Francisco in France, and Truro in Italy.

The Best Gift And The Best Party

CHRISTMAS boxes and New Year parties are things of the past, but some things are never too late. We have been trying to make up our minds about the best Christmas gift and the best New Year party.

We think the best gift was the mother-of-pearl calendar Queen Mary sent to a disabled soldier who spent three months making a tapestry screen for Her Majesty.

We think the best party was that given to the horses, ponies, donkeys, and mules at the Home of Rest for Horses at Boreham Wood. There were 85 present, and they were given a meal of carrots, apples, bread, and sugar. Grey Boy, aged 33, began the party by tugging the stable dinner bell, he being now the Father of the Family and having been champion hurdler of Ireland in his day.

Peace is the practice of everyday friendliness between the peoples of the whole world. Lord Morley

Your Year

God bless thy year;
Thy coming and going,
Thy reaping and sowing,
Thy hope and thy fear,
Thy song or thy tear:
God bless thy year.

Justice

WE are so accustomed to stories of lynching in the Southern States of America that we are glad to tell of a Negro who won his case in the courts of New Orleans against four whites who had badly maltreated him.

This is the first time such a thing has happened in New Orleans. The whites were condemned to 15 years of prison, and the judgment is the more remarkable in that they are all prominent people in Louisiana.

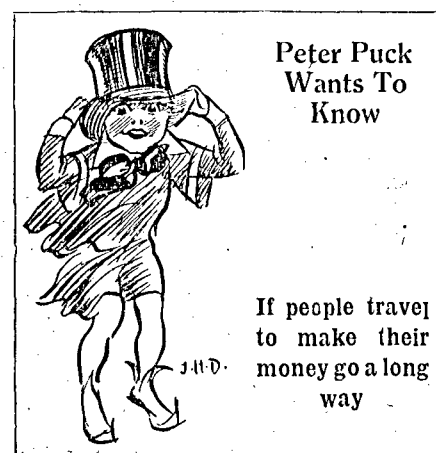
Tip-Cat

A SCHOOLBOY says he doesn't mind staying in but hates copying out poetry. Hard lines.

A TRAPEZE artist thinks life is very cheerful. He makes people look up.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are being asked for to buy benches for a public park. Decline or recline.

A SONG composer says he gets an idea and writes round it. Must be rather difficult to read.



A FLOOD conference is to be held in the Fen district. Will there be a flood of eloquence?

SOME comedians are unlucky, we are told. So are their audiences.

A HOUSEWIFE says she turns out one of her rooms every day. Soon she won't have any left.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

ABOUT 320,000 trees are to be planted in County Durham before the spring.

OUR lifeboatmen saved 523 lives last year.

A CHAPEL in Suffolk has received £14,000 in recognition of its kindness to the giver's parents.

JUST AN IDEA

That was a very wise invalid who said that the more she occupied her mind in helping others the more she seemed to forget her pains.

The Little More

By the Pilgrim

YORKSHIRE, our biggest county, has much of which it may boast. It has mills and mountains and music, abbeys and castles to which pilgrims travel from afar, rivers and dales among the loveliest in the land.

But we think one of Yorkshire's chief possessions is a man whose whole life is spent in doing good. From morning till night he is serving others. Whenever we come upon him he is on an errand of mercy. He has the happiest way of any man we know, the cheeriest smile, the highest regard for all things good and true and right.

He is not a bishop. He is not a rich philanthropist. He is not a social reformer. He is a relieving officer.

We believe that Yorkshire is fortunate in having him, for this man is for ever carrying a lamp into dark places, for ever saying a word of comfort to broken men and women who need nothing so much as an understanding friend.

It is not for doing his duty that we admire him. We expect him to do that. It is for doing the little more.

A Little While

By Gunby Hadath

A LITTLE while to set our sail
In wonder to the rising gale;
A little while in light and dark,
Through storm and shine, to guide our barque;
And somewhere in the Faraway
A quiet bay.

A little sweet and sour to quaff,
A little while to love and laugh;
And one small corner that we fain
Would screen from biting wind and rain;
And at the ending of our quest
A place of rest.

A little less, a little more,
A little road to travel o'er,
And but one little word to say
To those who leave us on the way:
And some day, when we fall asleep,
God's hand to keep.

Here a Sheer Hulk

THE Bishop of Ripon has been telling of a visit to the Yorkshire dales, where someone introduced a neighbour as a newcomer because he had been in the village only 23 years.

The story reminds us of the loneliness of some of our northern hamlets, many of which in the old days were so rarely visited by strangers that a newcomer was a nine-days wonder. It is told of a Bishop of Beverley that he once went to conduct a confirmation service in a village where no dignitary of his eminence had been seen in living memory. The villagers made a holiday of the day, and in order to do the bishop full honours mustered a brass band. Their repertoire was limited to one tune, and to his amazement he was greeted on his arrival by the playing of "Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling."

January 15, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

7

IS ANOTHER LAMP OF LIBERTY GOING OUT?

Extraordinary Events in Rumania

Lovers of liberty and democracy have been anxiously watching the changes which have taken place in Rumania, where a party wearing the Swastika on its sleeves, and very hostile to Jewish citizens, has been asked to form a Government.

This party, known as National Christians because of their hostility to Jews, actually won only 39 of 387 seats in the recent election, whereas the National Liberals, who formed the last Government, won 152 seats. Yet the loss of a mere half-dozen seats has turned what would have been a victory for the National Liberals into a disaster which may affect not only Rumania but the small States around her.

It is the curious Electoral Law of Rumania which has brought this to pass. Under it a party which heads the poll and secures 40 per cent of the representatives fills half the Chamber with its adherents and also has its due proportion of the other half. Thus only half the candidates elected by all other parties can sit in the Chamber, and the Government is assured of power.

Plight of Jewish Refugees

Having failed to get his 40 per cent, M. Titarescu tried to win the support of the National Peasants, the second party, which had 86 seats, and, on their refusal, resigned.

King Carol ignored the Peasants leader and also M. Codreanu, the leader of the All-for-the-Fatherland Party (who advocates an alliance with Germany and Italy and has 65 followers in the new Chamber), and appointed M. Octavian Goga Prime Minister. M. Goga at once filled all the public offices with National Christians, and suppressed three democratic newspapers because they are owned by Jews. His advent to power has caused great anxiety among the million Jews in Rumania, many of them being refugees from Germany. Bulgaria has already closed her gates to Jewish refugees from Rumania.

The elections showed that the majority of Rumanians are democrats, and all British friends of Rumania will hope that the change does not mean that one more lamp of liberty is going out.

Digging Up a Great Abbey

The excavations at Whalley Abbey in Lancashire, which have lasted four years, have now been completed, and have thrown new light on the great 14th-century ruin.

The plan of the abbey which has been accepted for centuries has had to be redrawn, as the buildings are much more extensive than was supposed.

The local tradition that the Roundheads blew up the abbey with gunpowder has been supported by the discovery of blackened stonework by the North Wall. Tiled pavements and the Abbot's Hall have been discovered.

No trace has been found of the treasure of gold and silver goblets, chalices, and plate believed to have been buried by the monks in the grounds at the time of the Dissolution. In fact, so far a silver penny of the time of Richard the Second and an Elizabethan threepenny-piece, found on the floor of the Abbot's Hall, are the only treasure trove discovered.

Only one part of the abbey remains unexplored, the old lawn between the cloisters and the Abbot's house. Although there is no record of its ever having been built on, when the turf was lifted in several places the foundations and the remains of walls were uncovered, to everyone's surprise.

Why the Toads Did Not Grow Up

DR JAMES GOODFELLOW of Chesterfield has sent us an interesting explanation of why the tadpoles in a hilltop pond did not change into toads last summer, an unusual event recorded in the C N a few weeks ago.

We give the explanation as Dr Goodfellow sends it to us; he is, as C N readers well know, the enthusiastic doctor who has worked such wonders with his Iodine Jar:

The Toad Mystery related in the C N is an example of what is called arrested development, a condition by no means uncommon in the animal and plant worlds. The C N attributed the delay to the cold spring and to the chilly days we experienced in July 1937, but I suggest that we must go back to the sunless summer of 1936 for the real explanation.

All animals start their existence as a fertilised egg, or ovum. When everything works according to plan, and both the internal and external conditions are favourable, they should finish their growth as perfect adults.

What are the conditions? Two of the chief ones are the correct temperature and an adequate supply of nutriment, but there is another of even greater importance. Without a sufficient amount (and very little is required) of that wonderful substance called iodine perfect development is impossible.

Iodine takes the ovum in hand and supplies the directive force and vigour which enables the inherited impulses to produce at the correct time an adult type at least equal to the parents from which it sprang.

Here then, in my opinion, we have the solution of the pond mystery, *an insufficient amount of iodine in the water of the pond.*

All round the coast, wherever seaweed has been washed up by the tides and is decomposing under the influence of sunlight, iodine is being liberated into the atmosphere to replenish what has been lost. A cold, wet, sunless summer means a diminished supply of iodine to the air. This particular fishpond felt the shortage more acutely because the iodine present in the air has always great difficulty in reaching high elevation. Moreover, the trees round the pond would have aggravated the trouble, for trees absorb iodine from the air as seaweed absorbs it from sea water.

The best proof of this explanation will be furnished next spring if someone adds each week a few drops of tincture of iodine to the water, or a few drops of Lugol's Solution, which is similar to the

tincture but contains no spirit. It will be found that the tadpoles will then develop rapidly into toads, but great care must be taken not to add too much, or the tadpoles may die.

Without waiting until next spring, can any evidence now be produced to demonstrate the remarkable influence of iodine on the development of all animal life? In certain lakes among the hills of Mexico the curious fish-like creature called the axolotl is found. For years it was regarded as a distinct species because it laid eggs which in time developed into similar creatures. An investigator, however, found that by feeding an axolotl on tiny amounts of thyroid extract, a substance which contains iodine, it developed into a salamander. It soon became evident that the axolotl was merely the tadpole stage of a salamander, waiting for the iodine to enable it to fulfil its destiny.

We may wonder, perhaps, if iodine deficiency ever causes arrested development among the children of mankind. For answer let us go to the country where the natural iodine supplies for ages have been notoriously deficient. I refer to Switzerland.

Not so very long ago in some of the Swiss Cantons over eighty per cent of the children attending school had goitre, which is the evidence of extreme iodine deficiency. By the use of iodized salt, and the administration to the children of iodized chocolates, the situation has now been completely changed.

In the human species arrested development more frequently occurs in the mental sphere than in the physical, and it is estimated that there are over 200,000 children so backward mentally that they are unable to benefit by school education. In addition to these cases there are hundreds of thousands more who are mentally dull. No one seems to suspect that lack of iodine may play a part in the creation of these mental defectives.

Let us look at the other side of the picture. In my youth the Japanese were regarded as a semi-barbarous people. Their growth and development has been truly remarkable, and today they are probably the most vigorous people in the world. Although no one can approve their aggressive action against China, their courage, ability, and efficiency are beyond question. No Japanese considers his diet complete without some seaweed salad; he recognises the value of iodine in a way few people do in this country.

THE BEST DREAM OF THE WORLD

General Smuts on The League

The friends of the League will be grateful to General Smuts for his vigorous defence of the covenant in a message lately broadcast.

THE League is derided as at best a beautiful impractical dream of visionaries and at the worst a deliberate device to perpetuate the dominance of the victors of the Great War and to secure their spoils. In any case, it is said, the League has failed to give the security it promised. We are therefore asked to scrap it.

What is my reply? It is true that the Covenant is a vision, but not that it is visionary. It is the truest, most realistic vision yet seen in the affairs of the world, and simply carries into world affairs that outlook of a liberal democratic society which is one of the great achievements of our human advance. Perhaps that is the real reason why the new dictators object to it. The Covenant simply carries a step further the process by which the State has already succeeded in suppressing private feuds and public violence and has substituted peaceful Parliamentary action for both.

The Council marks the farthest point yet reached in our progress towards a

cooperative peaceful human society. That is its greatness, that is also its weakness. But there is no going back. The light, once seen, should never sink below our human horizon again. That would be a betrayal of those who died in the Great War, a sacrifice of the generations yet unborn.

It is true there have been defections, failures, losses. But in membership the League still remains a formidable army able to do battle against militarism and reaction. The sacred duty is laid on us to see the League through as a going concern. Once abandoned, such a structure may not be rebuilt in a century.

Let there be reasonable practical reform, but let there be no surrender.

A Masterpiece

A Van Dyck masterpiece, The Abbé Scaglia Adoring the Virgin and Child, has been presented to the Nation by Mr Anthony de Rothschild. It may be seen by the public, for the first time for 38 years, at the exhibition of 17th Century Art at Burlington House.

THIS WORLD OF LIVING THINGS

Wonders of Earth and Air and Sea

The dragon and the lion came to town for Mr Julian Huxley's lectures to children at the Royal Institution.

The lion was younger than any of the children, and lay down after displaying its spots, which last only a short time in its life. The dragon was there by courtesy, because the only living examples of its race, the komodo dragons of the Zoo, are too large and fierce to be removed from the Zoo. But both illustrated Mr Huxley's point that the lion and the lizard are descendants of larger armoured creatures of past ages.

They are two of the thousand wonders of animal life in earth and sea and air which the lecturer displayed, and of the others which may yet be found. From the air he produced (like a conjurer from his hat) two parrots and a leaf insect which opened out its wings in the warmth to show it was alive, and not a mere leaf on a tree.

From the deep sea he brought pictures of strange fish that swim upside down, or bear with them tiny lamps which they can turn on at will to lure smaller fry within reach.

A Strange Creature

From the earth he produced a moving picture of the okapi, which nobody believed in when Sir Harry Johnston first said he had found it in the African jungle; and at the same time Mr Huxley declared that there were other strange unknown animals in the dark forests of Africa, Papua, and South America, still to be brought to light. Strangest of all these is the creature, seen as yet by only one white man, which is like a pygmy man, covered with hair, and running on its two feet through the jungle of the Congo.

Mr Huxley dwelt on the way in which creatures that survive adapt themselves to their surroundings, fairy shrimps living in puddles that dry up, fish that live and climb out of water, and a fly that manages to carry on in pools of petroleum.

The lectures as a whole might be described as a demonstration of evolution as viewed by Darwin. As a picture of the world of living things they were of supreme interest.

This Seems Cricket

Quite a stir of indignation has been caused among English cricket writers at the suggestion that we in England should adopt the latest reform instituted by the Australians for their important Sheffield Shield matches.

The proposal is that for the future all wides and no-balls shall be debited to the bowler and appear in his average.

There would seem no good reason why this should not be so. As every school-boy knows, at present these appear in the "extras," but the figures of the bowler responsible escape discredit by their non-inclusion in his table.

The scorer sets down against his name overs, maidens, runs, and wickets, and he may appear as having taken half a dozen wickets for a score of runs. But, if he has bowled several no-balls and delivered as many wides, that does not appear anywhere in the record to his disadvantage. The runs so conceded are credited to the batting side, but nothing shows who has been responsible for them.

Wides and no-balls are the result of bad bowling, and the man who bowls them should have his figures penalised by the number of runs they have cost his side. Good bowling figures are as supreme a joy to the bowler as a big score to the batsman; bad bowling should be as clearly reflected in the averages as successful bowling.

A FOUNDER OF NEW ENGLAND

Boston's First Governor

It is 350 years this week since John Winthrop was born.

He came into the world on January 12 in Armada year. Edwardston in Suffolk was his birthplace, and long before he was 20 he had settled down as a family man at Great Stanbridge in Essex. He had a Puritan mind, and saw much in the England of his day which troubled him, making him apprehensive of the future. He decided that only in the New World could life be lived cleanly and finely, and to the New World he went.

In 1629 he was one of 12 men who pledged themselves to found New England, and was chosen as first Governor of the colony. It was a wise choice for, though this serious man was not without his faults, he was admirably suited to the work he had to do.

So in March, 1630, John Winthrop set sail from Southampton, taking four ships with him. Soon after setting sail John began his diary, now a famous history of New England and the only valuable record of the colony's early days. The voyage was long and tedious,

but at the end of 66 days the little fleet sighted the American coast, the land on which all their thoughts were centred. They sailed into Salem Harbour in June, and it was not long before John Winthrop chose the site of his chief town, now the famous city of Boston.

Again elected Governor, John acted so wisely and vigorously that the colony flourished marvellously. Its 2000 English people were on good terms with the Red Indians, who soon learnt to regard the white man as their friend and judge. Religion was of supreme importance. Justice and mercy were found there, and if any complaint was levelled against Governor Winthrop it was that he was sometimes too lenient. He was described as a discreet and sober man, ruling with mildness and fairness, keeping the people content and busy. His moral character and his brilliant intellect commanded the respect of all, and it may be said that he shaped the State of Massachusetts.

He died in 1649, and was buried in the town he had helped to found.

BUSY BEES OF NEW ZEALAND

More Honey This Year

It is now summer in New Zealand, and millions of honey bees are having a right royal time sipping nectar from the white clover blossoms of these wonderful pastures.

The beekeepers supply the world with a great deal of honey. The mild climate enables the bees to search for honey practically all the year round. There is such a vast amount of clover in the fields, besides flowering trees in the bush and throughout the countryside, that New Zealand is a paradise for bees and beekeepers.

A year ago, owing to the wet summer, the honey harvest was a failure. It was estimated that the output for the 1936-37 season was a thousand tons below normal, and so there was very little to export to the United Kingdom.

Nature has been kinder to the beekeepers this season. New Zealand has enjoyed a warm spring and an early summer. The bees are busy and the hives are filling up with honeycomb. There will be hundreds of tons of honey

for the rest of the world to spread on its daily bread during 1938. For Nature-lovers there is a wealth of romance in a jar of New Zealand honey, which has been gathered from summer flowers during the months when snow is falling in the northern hemisphere.

October was a warm spring month, and the bees had an uninterrupted run on the willow catkins which adorn the hundreds of thousands of willows fringing the rivers. The willows were planted by the early settlers and missionaries, and now the bees are getting the benefit. Then there are the barberry hedges with myriads of golden flowers.

On the bush-clad islands of Rangitoto and Great Barrier, not far from the city of Auckland, are several apiaries which depend to some extent on the crimson blossoms of the pohutukawa, which grows plentifully along the coastline.

Another native tree yielding hundreds of tons of honey is the manuka, which has countless small white blossoms and grows even on the poorest of soil.

IN THE LIFETIME OF AN OLD LADY

Pages From the History of a Young Land

Two old ladies passed away at the end of the old year, one in Australia and one in New Zealand, and their passing is another reminder of how recent is the history of British settlement in New Zealand, where there are now 1,500,000 British people.

At the age of 88 there passed away in New South Wales Miss Elizabeth Betts, a grand-daughter of Samuel Marsden, affectionately remembered as the Apostle of New Zealand, because he was the first missionary to bring the message of Christianity to the brown-skinned Maoris.

The other old lady, Mrs Elizabeth Howell, who died near Christchurch, New Zealand, at the age of 87, was born on the ship Randolph, one of the first four ships of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," only ten days after the voyage from London to New Zealand began in 1850. She was an infant in arms when the ships arrived at the port of Lyttelton four months later. The colonists on these four little sailing ships were the first to make their homes in the Province of Canterbury, and they called their

capital town Christchurch, and the river running through it the Avon.

Now Christchurch is a city of over 100,000 people. The "Canterbury Pilgrims," as the first settlers were called, had difficult years to face, but they did succeed in transforming the wilderness into a rich land that is often described as a little bit of Old England.

What a lot of good work has been done in the lifetime of an old lady!

Lions At Play

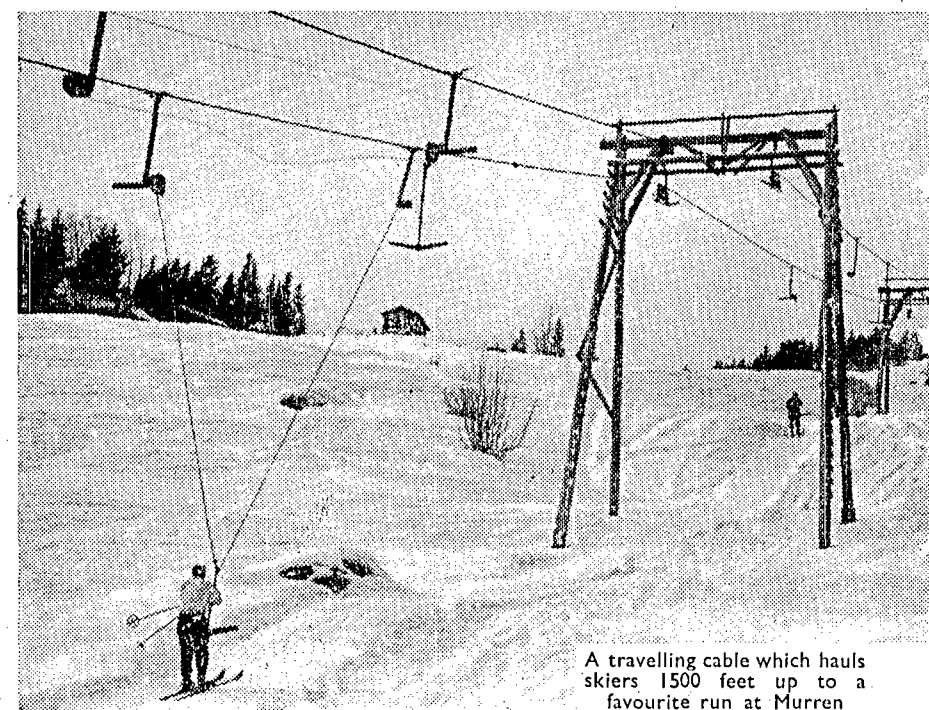
A remarkable film in colour is on its way from the Johannesburg Exhibition to the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow.

It is a film of big-game hunting in East Africa, and was taken in Tanganyika by a small group of enthusiasts from a cage erected on a lorry. They tempted lions to sport and gambol by trailing meat at the end of a rope, and when the fun was at its height the rope was thrown over a high branch of a tree and the lions and their cubs ignored the camera as they leapt up to it.

Up and Down the Snow



Holidaymakers enjoying a run on skis down the slopes at Chamonix



A travelling cable which hauls skiers 1500 feet up to a favourite run at Murren

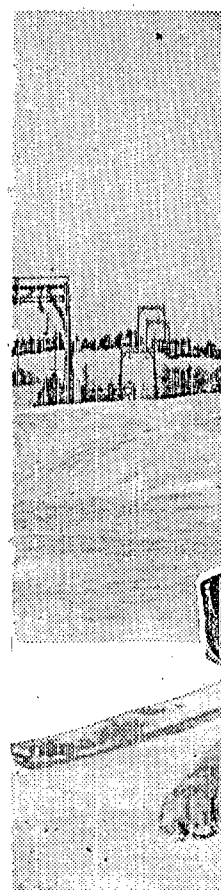


A party of tourists sets out for a long journey in the snow-covered Alps

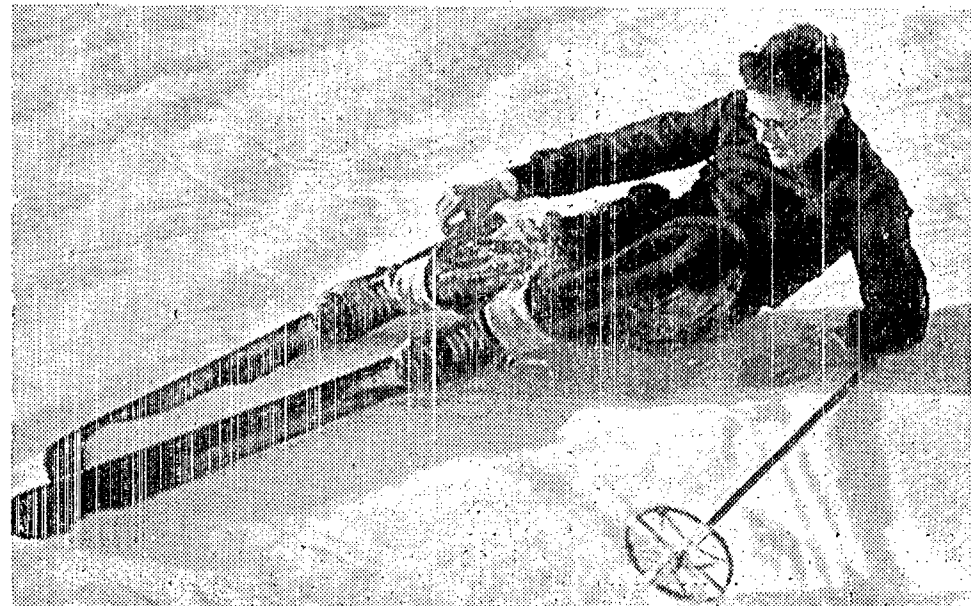
Covered Mountain Slopes



A cloud of powdered snow raised by a skier at Banff in the Canadian Rockies



In safe keeping—A little visitor to St Moritz finds a good friend



A tumble in the snow at Gstaad in Switzerland

THINGS THAT ARE MUCH BETTER NOW

A Hero's Dinner in the Bad Old Days

It is announced that recruiting for the Army and Navy has progressed with marked activity of late. The spirit that won the Empire lives on in the hearts of the descendants of the men who gained it.

The conditions in both services are vastly different from those endured by the heroes who gave us our prestige in the world. Not only are pay and quarters on land and sea reformed, but the food of today would have seemed an impossible dream of luxury to the men who fought with Wolfe, Wellington, and Nelson.

There is not a penal prison today which does not put to shame the dietary of the men upon whom our very life as a nation once depended. At sea the principal foods were bad biscuits, worse beer, and rank salt meat, with dried peas and a little oatmeal.

Biscuits were served every day, a pound a man, and beer a gallon a man a day, but there were two meatless days a week; and oatmeal, sugar, butter, and cheese were served only three times a week. Biscuits, the chief solid, were the greatest offenders against purity and wholesomeness. Supposed to consist of flour and peas-meal, they were frequently adulterated with bone-meal, such as we use now as a garden fertiliser. They were so hard that the centres, compressed by the Government stamp, could not be bitten through unless the

biscuits were soaked. Sailors with a little pocket-money would bribe the ship's cook to smash up the biscuits with a hammer, enclose them in a cloth with scraps of stolen pork fat and boil them into puddings.

Another form of biscuit-cookery was to bake them a second time, not only to freshen them but to destroy the weevil grubs with which they were infested. Lord Fisher has told us how in his youth he felt the weevils cold to his throat as he swallowed his biscuit.

Poor as were these rations, the wretched sailors managed to make a profit out of them; six would mess on the quantity allowed for four, and the surplus saved was re-sold to the cook or hoarded for sale to poor people at the ports visited by the ship.

The meat was often years old, having travelled round and round the world in salt-tubs, being then transferred from a home-coming ship to another about to sail, for the Admiralty order was that old meat must be eaten first, and the surplus tubs of one ship became the staple of a less fortunate ship setting sail on a fresh voyage. The sailors called this meat junk, a word meaning waste rope, and they declared that it was salted horse, and said that horse-shoes were found in some of the tubs.

All that is over now, and, as we have said, even our convicts are better fed today than our heroes were then.

HIMALAYA'S FLOWERY VALLEYS

Blooms From 16,000 Feet

FLOWERS for the Englishman's garden are gathered from all over the world.

The high Himalayas have yielded a new supply to Mr F. S. Smythe, who has collected some of his lovely specimens at a height nearly as great as the top of Mont Blanc. In all he has brought some 250 plants, and their names are like the catalogues at the Chelsea Flower Show.

The hidden valleys of the western Himalayas which he searched were more glorious by far than any flower show, because of the wealth of the blooms and the power of their numbers.

Tennyson wrote of the fabled Isle of Flowers, where:

*The topmost spire of the mountain was
lilies in lieu of snow,
And the lilies like glaciers winded down,
running out below
Through the fire of the tulip and poppy,
the blaze of gorse, and the blush
Of millions of roses . . .*

The description would almost do for the Bhyundar Valley, which Mr Smythe named the Valley of Flowers. The whole line of the Himalayas from Kashmir to Bhutan is one of the world's treasures of flowers, and the storehouse seems never to empty of new surprises. Mr Smythe has found so many that Tennyson's list seems poor by comparison. The blue poppies are among them, some with yellowish spines and sky-blue flowers nearly two inches across; and anemones in masses with silky leaves and great heads of 30 flowers; and delphiniums, and campanula, aster, and edelweiss.

These are familiar names and many a garden has these flowers, or their representatives. But the new collection has others never seen in England before, rare, and rarely beautiful, with colours and forms unknown.

It is a pleasing thought that these strangers will all soon become friends and sojourners among us.

THE POTATO MAT

Surprising Vegetable Item

IF Germans were less intent on armaments than on the necessities and comforts of life they would not need substitutes for foods that we can all obtain in our own land, but, as they think they must have substitutes for our commonplaces, great is the ingenuity which their scientists are displaying.

Not only do they make sausages and artificial wool from fish, and extract oil from grape-stones: they are now producing cork mats from the skins of potatoes! Of course the natural products are cheaper and better than the artificial, but Germany has no money with which to pay for imports, so day and night her chemists toil in their laboratories to create imitations of real things.

The new mats from the potato are the latest wonder derived from that in-

valuable vegetable, but the C.N. is able to add an item of surprising character.

We have all read of a terrible disease called beri-beri, which causes grave nerve affections leading to loss of sensation, to dropsy, and paralysis.

Beri-beri occurred in almost epidemic form some years ago in Newfoundland, during a period of grave economic depression by which our oldest colony was afflicted. Little children were badly affected by it, but it became notable that children in some of the poorest families escaped, remaining hearty and well.

At first this was a mystery, but it was later discovered that their escape was due to a curious fact. They had been in the habit of eating the peel skinned from potatoes; and in these parings were vitamins essential to human well-being.

THE BELT OF ORION

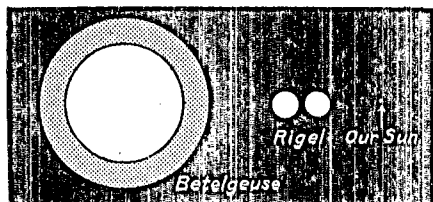
Rigel's Group of Radiant Suns

By the C.N. Astronomer

On a clear dark night the bluish-white lustre of the stars of Orion singles them out as belonging to one family of suns, the three stars of the Belt being obviously three brothers. Betelgeuse, which was described last week, is the only exception.

That giant of a sun is actually nearer to us than to most of the Orion family, being only 19½ light-years distant, whereas the three stars Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta of the Belt (shown in last week's star-map) are respectively 543, 407, and 407 light-years distant from us.

Rigel, the great rival to Betelgeuse in apparent magnitude, is a little more than 543 light-years away, and might therefore be supposed to be still larger, though it is actually much smaller, as can be seen from the picture. But Rigel radiates several times more light than Betelgeuse and about 18,000 times more than our little Sun, Betelgeuse radiating normally about 2000 times more. When



The comparative sizes of Betelgeuse, the Rigel pair, and our Sun. The shaded portion indicates the periodical expansion of Betelgeuse

the star periodically expands, as indicated by the shaded area in the picture, its light increases to about 5500 times more than our Sun. The reason for these differences is that the surface temperature of Betelgeuse averages 3200 degrees Centigrade, while that of our Sun is about 6000 degrees; on the other hand, the surface temperature of Rigel averages some 14,000 degrees.

These differences affect the colour of each as observed by us owing to the differences in the prevailing wavelengths of their light radiations. Thus the household poker at a relatively low temperature of a red heat, then in a higher yellow heat, and finally in a white heat, illustrates perfectly the cause of the relative differences in colour between the reddish Betelgeuse, our yellowish Sun, and the white heat of Rigel.

There is spectroscopic evidence that Rigel is divided into two suns which revolve round a common centre in about 22 days; these appear to be so close together that their surfaces must almost be in contact. These binary suns of Rigel have two far-distant companions which are travelling with them in the same southerly direction through space and away from us, like all the suns of Orion. These relatively small companions are also binaries very similar to Rigel in type.

An Incandescent Furnace

Delta and Zeta, the two end stars of the famous Belt, also possess companions. In Delta, a brilliant sun enveloped in incandescent helium and with a surface temperature of about 23,000 degrees Centigrade, we have a sun which radiates about 2500 times more light than our Sun. Round this terrific incandescent furnace and at a distance of only about five million miles revolves its companion, which may be regarded as a part of itself, broken loose and whirling round at the immense rate of some 70 miles a second, completing its revolution in about 5½ days.

The much nearer Zeta, which radiates about 2000 times more light than our Sun, has a distant companion of a very different type to Delta's and which radiates 380 times more light than our Sun. Epsilon, a similar sun to Zeta and Delta in temperature, radiating about 2700 times more light than our Sun, has, as far as is known, no companion.

G. F. M.

THE SAILOR'S BIBLE

Wonderful Book That Guides the Mariner Home

The year is still young enough for us to think about diaries, calendars, and almanacs.

Even in these enlightened days there are people foolish enough to buy stupid almanacs professing to foretell the future. Every year sees the publication of these absurdities, with strange drawings and plans, with nonsense about the stars and their influence on our lives, and much silliness of this sort.

But not all almanacs are worthless. Really wonderful is an almanac never seen on the bookstalls, the Nautical Almanac, which has been called the Sailor's Bible. Though little known outside shipping circles, it is a modern marvel. No captain would dream of going to sea without it. It is found on battleships and liners and tramp steamers, and next to the compass it is the mariner's best friend. It tells him where he is when all he can see is the sky and the great waters. It shows him the quickest way to the nearest port.

Livingstone's Two Books

It has much to do with the stars in their courses, but there is no nonsense about their influence on life and character. There are amazing tables showing the position of the stars as well as figures telling him where the moon will be at every hour of the year and where the sun will be every noon.

Prepared two or three years before it is printed, it is held in high estimation not only by sailors but by explorers. The Nautical Almanac was on board the Beagle when she sailed round the world. The last place at which Dr Nansen called before leaving London when he was about to make his famous attack on the North Pole was at the office of the Nautical Almanac, where he received advance proofs of the precious volume. David Livingstone, compelled to reduce his library to two books, chose the Nautical Almanac and the Bible.

The Overflowing Tiber

The Tiber floods have abated, and the famous river returns to its normal course.

The Tiber is linked with the history of Christianity in a way not generally remembered now. When Christianity was introduced into Rome, and for centuries afterwards, any evil event was attributed to its harmless followers. Christians were believed to have power to bring on famine or plague, cold summers, dry summers, and barren harvests. Any national calamity, it was thought, resulted from the mysterious power of these poor creatures.

But never was public opinion more fiercely agitated against them than in presence of a flooded Tiber. That, declared public opinion, was their work, and it became a stock cry: "The Tiber is overflowing: to the lions with the Christians!"

The lions, death by fire, or crucifixion, were the common lot of the Christians until the coming of Constantine.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of January 1913

Setting the Sea on Fire. We often hear it said that somebody or other will set the Thames on fire. It would not actually need a genius to do it. Somebody set the Bay of Naples on fire the other day.

An American steamer in the bay, containing a thousand tons of petroleum, by some means caught fire. The highly inflammable oil spread out on the water, and, floating on the surface, blazed as it travelled. The older portions of the harbour became one sea of flame.

GREY OWL'S FAREWELL

Grey Owl, the Red Indian champion of the Little People of the Forests, has left England for the last time.

He is nearing home again after three months of talking to children to encourage the spirit of tolerance of man to man and man to beast.

A great multitude of children must have been disappointed not to hear the farewell message he had prepared for them in the Children's Hour for the B.B.C.; it is a pitiful thing that at the last moment it was cancelled because Grey Owl refused to cut out his appeal to children to take no part in cruel sports. What Grey Owl wished to say in his farewell was what the C.N. has been saying for many years, and we give these passages from the last words, he would have spoken to the Children of the British Isles. We take them from the complete address published for one penny by Lovat Dickson.

This world is not altogether ours. It belongs to all who live in it, animals and people.

Could you promise me never to take advantage of the weakness of another, human or animal—never to take the life of a poor defenceless animal just merely for amusement? I'll ask you, too, if you will never join in a chase where foxes, stags, or otters or hares, are driven to the last extremity of terror, and misery, until at last, with no chance of escape, they stand there looking for mercy, but finding none, surrounded by a horde of dogs, and men (and sometimes, I am ashamed to say, women and even children), and then, defenceless, terrified, helpless, and alone, no one near to help them, they are literally mobbed to death.

Is that fair play? Is that sport?

But, remember the word sportsman may mean something rather fine—consideration for those who are weaker than ourselves, who stand so much in need of the kindness for which they cannot ask.

Sportsmen claim that an animal that is to be killed for fun (can you imagine it?) should be given an even chance. Is that an even chance, a hundred to one, I ask you?

Fair play, good old British fair play! Play the game! Give everybody a square deal! Remember that brave people are always the kindest. But when we go out against a lesser creature a hundred to one, is that courage?—is that kind?

The Cruel Fate of a Fox

Remember that only those whose lives have been too easy, with too much money and not enough to do, who do not understand what hardship and pain can be, would inflict such misery on a helpless fellow creature. I have heard of a fox that ran into a house for protection and was seized by the huntsman as he jumped through a window, bleeding from several cuts he had received from the broken glass; only trying, poor creature, to save his life (the only one he had) and was thrown to the dogs to be torn to pieces, alive, on Christmas Day. What joy for the hunters, what fun for the dogs, and at a time of year when the whole world is full of goodwill to everybody. What a Christmas for that poor fox, whom God made as He made you and me!

My time is nearly done. We must go—on to North America, where we come from, back to the teepees of our Indian people, back to the great North-West, to the forest that is our home.

Young people of this Kingdom, who have been so kind to me, before we go, do please remember that Beaver Lodge has an open door to all of you whose hearts are right. And if your heart isn't right, come anyway—we'll do something about it!

And now my wife, Silver Moon, and I, Grey Owl, must leave you. We sail for the Land of the Setting Sun.

BUNDLES OF OLD PAPERS

A Great Work Being Done Quietly

A small ceremony in a library not long ago had to do with a great work which is being done without the sound of trumpets.

Lord Macmillan, chairman of the Pilgrim Trust, unveiled a clock and tablet commemorating the grant of £1138 by the Trust to the London Missionary Society for the preservation and cataloguing of its records.

The records are more valuable than might be supposed. We have to remember that years ago our missionaries were the first to learn anything of unknown peoples in far corners of the world. They were pioneers, and as they were all godly men, loving truth and seeking no glory for themselves, their accounts of lands and natives are of much value. Often we have no record but the letters they wrote, and to students the half-million documents of the London Missionary Society are almost worth their weight in gold.

The Story of Missionary Endeavour

Hitherto they have been largely inaccessible, packed away in boxes of all shapes and sizes, and difficult to find. Now the papers have been put into a series of boxes of uniform size; and the great task of indexing them is being carried out. The gift by the Pilgrim Trust is helping to make this possible, and, though enormous labour is necessary before the work is completed, those to whom it is entrusted know that they are rendering us all a great service.

Many of these documents are thrilling, and almost all tell something of the story of nearly a century and a half of missionary endeavour carried out by daring men inspired by a mighty hope.

There is in this mass of material a collection of 60 letters written by David Livingstone between 1840 and 1857. There are records going back to 1799; and the first letters from Tahiti, two years older, are our only source of information about the Society Islands for many years. We may read here of a sledge journey of 4000 miles across Russia to Siberia, of work among the slaves of British Guiana, and of heroic deeds in China long ago. Here, in short, is rich material for historians of many little-known peoples.

A Talk Across the World

A man in New Zealand spoke over the telephone the other day to a brother in England he had never seen.

Wireless and the telephone never seem to become less wonderful with familiarity. The New Zealand brother was the Mayor of Pcoara, who left Chertsey 31 years ago to make good in his second home. He was the eldest son of Mrs Marshall, and after he had gone another son was born to her.

It was to this unseen brother that the mayor spoke for the first time. It was also the first time that the mother had spoken to her first-born since he left. That was not all, for the voices of others unknown to her (except by letters) came to her ears over the air and the wire. The son's wife, and his three sons (one of them married) spoke to her, and to make all complete her great-grandson aged two spoke a few words, a little indistinct but very precious.

Mrs Marshall will soon be an old lady, though at 73 she would not admit it, and no one would think so, but this experience of a great-grandmother is one of the most precious of her long life.

A few years more, and she may be able not only to hear but to see her distant family—by television.

UNLUCKY AMERICA

Natural and Unnatural Disasters

While congratulating ourselves on a bright opening to the New Year, it is regrettable to have to record that the American outlook continues grey, if not black.

The number of unemployed increases rapidly, and it is estimated that it may reach 12 millions by the end of February. The number of partially employed is also very great; in some trades only 20 hours a week are being worked.

Mr Roosevelt declares that American business men's fears are exaggerated and not due to his policy. He denounces a minority who have been guilty of "questionable financial practices."

Congress was called together at the end of 1937 specially to deal with social legislation, but some measures were not passed, owing to the obstruction and opposition of men originally elected as supporters of the Administration.

A Year of Misfortune

Last year was also unfortunate for our American friends in many other ways. There were 125 great disasters, including 43 tornadoes and 24 floods! Over a million people were paid Disaster Relief.

In the 12 months ended June 1937 also occurred the heartrending and devastating floods of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys which destroyed the homes of a million people. That disaster cannot, however, be excused. It was natural, but to be foreseen and provided against.

America, in short, has been suffering from both natural and unnatural disasters. We hope to see her rise to the height of her enormous responsibilities.

A Proverb Comes True

A haulage contractor reports that he has been given a contract to carry ten tons of coal from London to Newcastle.

TALKING GHOSTS

A New Telephone Miracle

Four hundred simultaneous conversations over one telephone line was the modern miracle announced not long ago by Sir George Lee, president of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

A new coaxial cable, the latest type of telephone circuit, has been laid between London and Birmingham, and is eventually to be extended to Scotland. By means of this single physical circuit, as Sir George Lee described it, it will be possible for 400 conversations to go on at the same time without interference!

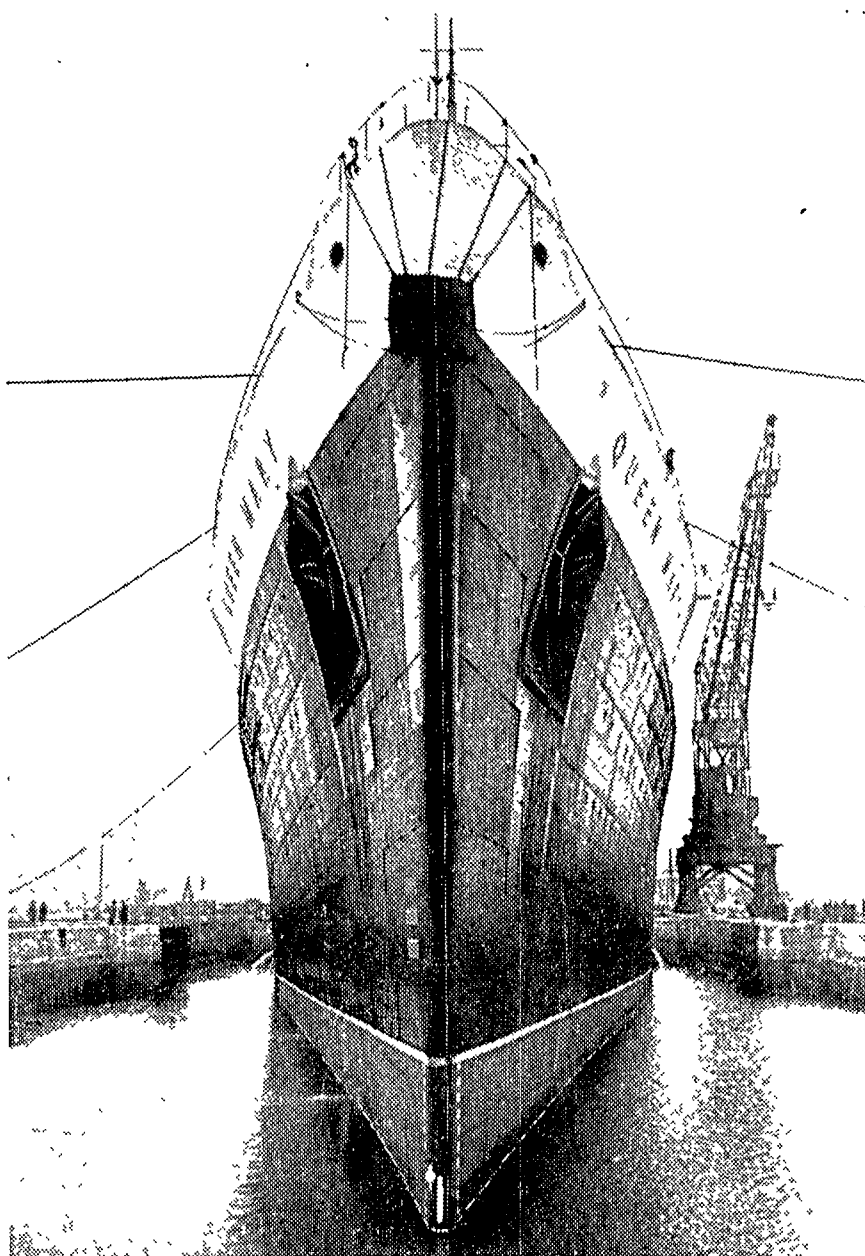
Billions of Electrons

This triumph of telephone engineering is the result of a natural sequence of events following upon the conclusion that an electric current does not flow *through* a wire so much as be guided by it. The metal wire of a telegraph has been imagined, for instance, as merely a guiding road, covered with countless billions of electrons. When a telegraph signal is tapped on the Morse key its effect is to push on, as it were, more electrons at one end of the already overcrowded wire, so that an equal number are pushed off at the other end. It is these suddenly released electrons which do the work and make the signal at the far end of the telegraph wire.

By using two pairs of telephone lines as the two single lines of another circuit it was discovered that a third conversation could be carried on through this "ghost" circuit. The idea can be built up until we get twelve channels to each pair of wires by "wired wireless," the very ingenious method of making the original wires act as guides for carrier circuits on which other conversations can be imposed.

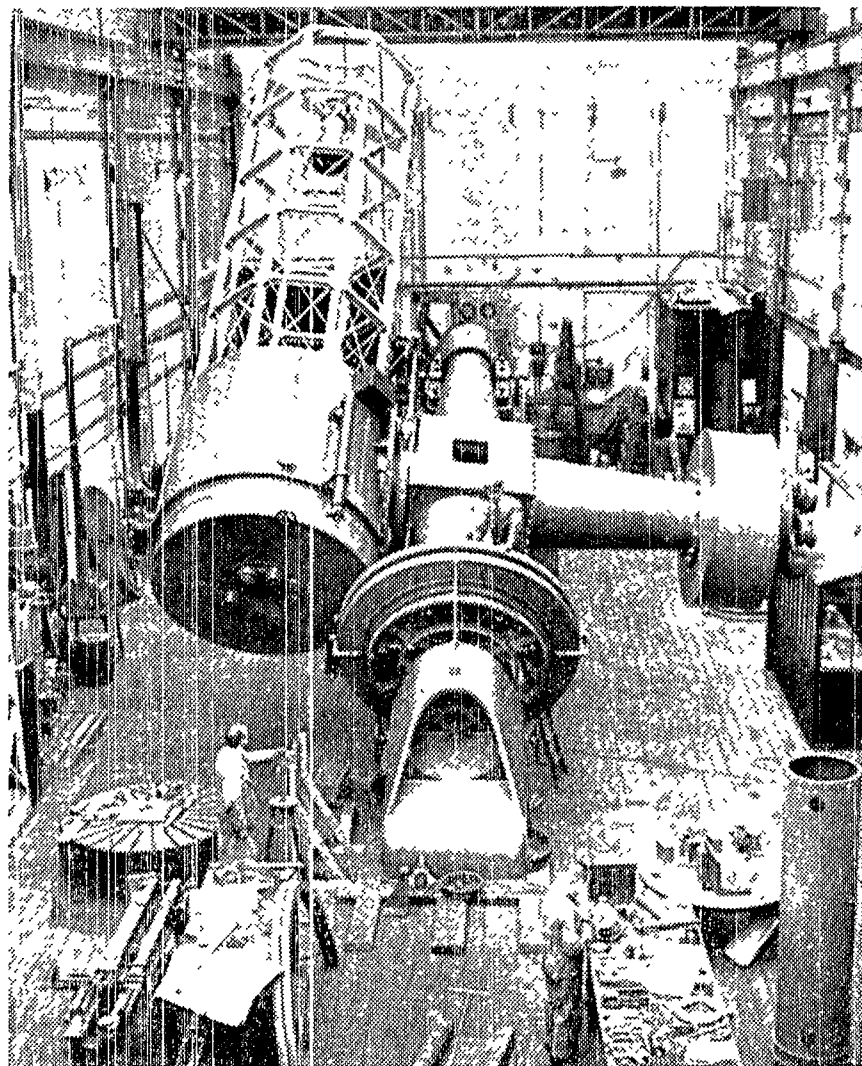
As yet we are only on the fringe of what may be done with this method of multiplying channels. Limited amounts of power are being sent over these ghost circuits for the control of street lighting.

The Queen Mary in Dock



The biggest British liner in the King George V graving dock at Southampton, where she is to undergo a thorough overhaul

New Telescope For South Africa



This 74-inch reflecting telescope has been made at Walkergate-on-Tyne for the new Radcliffe Observatory at Pretoria

IRELAND FOR EVER

A Change That Means Nothing

With flags waving on public buildings and a salute from guns the Irish Free State has changed its name from Saorstát Éireann to Éire and adopted the new Constitution which Mr de Valera and his Party have devised. Éire is pronounced roughly to rhyme with Sarah.

Fortunately all the other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations have a sense of humour, and realise that the change of name and of the internal government of the 26 counties affected mean little or nothing to the Empire as a whole. We are confident that nobody will lose an hour's sleep because an article in the new Constitution includes the counties of Northern Ireland in the new name, for the operation of the Free State Parliament is restricted to the 26 counties "pending the reintegration of the national territory." The feeling is happily growing that with goodwill national unity will one day come about, but it will not be achieved by Mr de Valera and is still a long way ahead.

Meanwhile Mr de Valera will doubtless be happy under his new title of Taoiseach, which is the Irish word for Leader.

In Memory of a Daughter

A Milan merchant has presented a model town worth half a million pounds to the Italian nation, in memory of his daughter who died when three years old.

The town is for poor mothers and their children, and can house 50,000 people.

FERGUSON'S COUGH LOZENCE

Another Strip of Cornwall

Ferguson's Gang is still busy round about Land's End.

The gang has now laid its hands on the last bit of Trevescan Cliffs on the Atlantic coast; secured the freehold and paid the money. But these modern Robin Hoods are not greedy. They have handed over the freehold of this bit of Cornwall to every English man, woman, and child. Any of these, now or in the days to come, can stand on Trevescan and say, as they watch the waves coming in, "This is mine."

For years Ferguson's Gang has been operating on the Cornish cliffs. But their efforts are hidden behind a cloak of secrecy. Only the gangsters know who Ferguson is. It is only by his good works that he can be recognised, when he puts down another goodly sum as purchase money for a morsel more of this jewel set in the silver sea—this England.

His last gift, to complete the Trevescan transaction, was enclosed in an empty box of cough lozenges, a fit present for the season. But Ferguson's lozenges were £200 in bank-notes; and with them a picture postcard to say:

*The liability of Trevescan
Is paid by Ferguson as he best can.
This 'ere design of fishes
We do enclose with our good wishes.*

The rhyme is not rich; but the gift is a noble New Year's present.

PUNISHING THE ROAD-HOG

The Ways of the American Judge

In America they are as aghast at road accidents as we are, for they have over a million people a year killed or wounded by motor-traffic.

The judges, faced with this alarming situation, are giving novel punishments.

At Pittsburg Judge Musmanno took 77 motorists who had been convicted of driving while drunk to see the body of a man named Bombar, a Pole who had been killed by a drunken driver. The Judge, pointing to the body, said:

"When Bombar left his home in turbulent Europe to come to peaceful America he did not realise that he was coming to a place where in many ways the highways are as dangerous as war's No-Man's-Land. He did not know that every year 36,000 people lose their lives on those highways; no one told him that more than a million yearly are injured and crippled on our thoroughfares. Had he known this he would have preferred to remain on his little farm in Poland, where one lives not so excitingly but a little more securely."

At Emsworth, in New York State, two 19-year-old road offenders were fined £5 apiece and sentenced to prison. Execution of the 'gaol sentence' was suspended, however, provided they appeared in court within two weeks with reports, attested by doctors, of visits to the accident wards of hospitals to observe injuries received in highway accidents.

At Rochester, New York State, Judge Gitelman laid down the rule that every drunken driver was to go to prison. When a truck driver, with a wife and six children to support, pleaded that the sentence would cost him his job, the judge sentenced him to spend six Sundays in prison.

Who Was Yellowhead? OIL FOR THE NAVY

The Debate Continues

There can be no question that Oil has won in the disputed issue of Oil versus Coal for the Navy. An oil-fuelled warship has a definite advantage over a vessel burning coal.

That leaves unsettled the question of dependence on imported oil. We have plenty of coal but no oil, and dependence on oil from overseas is an element of danger in war time. We have either to store an enormous quantity of imported oil or to distil oil from our own coal.

In these circumstances there is surely much to be said for pushing on with distillation. By large-scale work we can obtain security for naval fuel while increasing mining employment. The distilled oil will cost more than imported oil, but it will be safe.

Moreover, the time is not far distant when the world's natural oil will be exhausted. We have, therefore, to consider the future as well as the dangers of the present.

The increasing use of oil for heating and other purposes as well as for land traction adds to the existing danger.

Half the Merchant Navy, as well as the Royal Navy, is now moved by oil. If war came our consumption would be enormous on land, sea, and in the air. Is it not right to regard any additional cost of oil obtained from our coal as a necessary item in defence?

Colonel Haig's Mountains

In reporting in the C.N. dated November 27 that the State has just acquired 140 square miles of land in Scotland, it was mentioned that the area included the three mountains Ben Macdhui, Ben Avon, and Cairngorm, and also the famous Shelter Stone at the foot of Cairngorm.

These are all on the Glenavon estate of Colonel Haig and, we are informed, were not included in the area acquired by the Crown.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Canada a man whose nickname was Yellowhead.

Who he was is a matter of legend and speculation, but he gave this name to a pass, a lake, a mountain, and a town. The pass runs through the Rockies and is one of the easiest and lowest crossings yet found. In the days before the railway it was known as Leather Pass, because it was used by the fur companies in taking moose hides to far western ports.

In those pioneering days in Canada there lived a trapper who built his fur cache at the meeting of the Fraser and Robson Rivers; and it is said that, as he had a shock of fair hair, travellers dubbed him Yellowhead. There are many stories concerning this trapper's identity. One account says he was Jasper Hawse, a Scottish trapper, who was in charge of a Hudson's Bay Com-

pany post in the Athabaska Valley. Another story has it that Yellowhead was an Iroquois half-breed whose fair hair made him conspicuous among his dark-haired fellow tribesmen; and still another version asserts that the man was François Descoignes, an officer of the North-West Company.

If Jasper Hawse owned the nickname, he has the honour of having his Christian name also immortalised in Jasper National Park, one of Canada's great show places and one of the most magnificent pieces of country in the whole world. Verdant valleys rest between soaring peaks; there are vast and silent icefields; there are streams with thunderous falls and brooks that chuckle down the mountain-sides.

If Jasper was indeed Yellowhead he is very handsomely remembered on the map of Canada.

The Foods of the Maori Stone Age Man

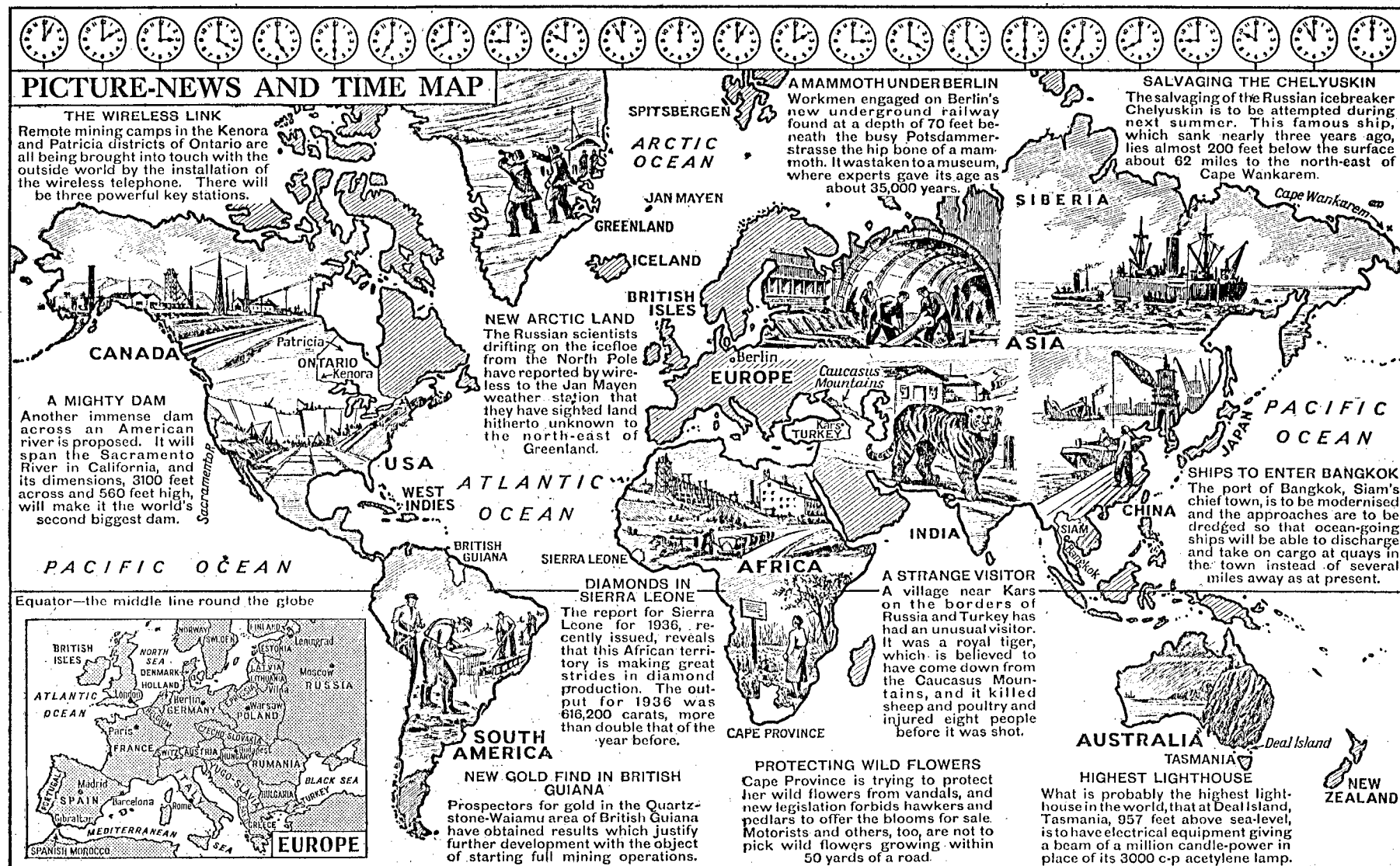
SCIENTISTS in New Zealand find much to interest themselves in studying the foods of the brown-skinned Maoris, the original inhabitants of the country.

From their warmer tropical islands the Maoris brought to New Zealand in their canoes plants of the taro, the kumara, and the yam, all root vegetables. They also brought seeds of the gourd, the fruit of which supplied them with drinking and storage vessels, for they did not understand pottery.

The kumara (or sweet potato) was the favourite among the foods brought by the Maoris, but no plant was more widespread than the common bracken fern. They dried the bracken roots and pounded the white starchy material to make flour. Fern root became their staple diet, and it is repeatedly mentioned in their proverbs.

One interesting fact is that the ancient Maoris, who had no written language or calendars, always planted their kumaras when the beautiful kowhai tree was in bloom, in September, the first month of springtime in New Zealand. They came to understand that if they planted before the kowhai's golden blossoms appeared their plants would probably be destroyed by frost, and if a little later the leaves might be eaten by insect pests, and this food supply lost.

Seaweeds were also widely used as foods by the Maoris. Botanists have identified over 500 different species of seaweeds on the shores of New Zealand. Seaweeds are a primary food used by natives living near the coasts the world over, for they contain proteins, fats, and sugars perfectly balanced for human consumption.



THE FAITH OF TWO MORE OF DOVEDALE BROTHERS FOR THE NATION

Turning Water Into Gold

Water Into Gold. By Ernestine Hill. Robertson and Mullens, Melbourne. 7s 6d.

It would be hard to find a more exciting story than that of the discovery and development of one of the biggest rivers in the Empire, Australia's River Murray.

It is a brother to the Mississippi, and its branches spread across a fifth of the continent, contributing about half the Commonwealth's agricultural and pastoral wealth. *On its banks might be settled the whole population of Australia.*

The story of the Murray Valley, of pioneers, of drovers driving mobs of cattle across rivers, of corroborees and camp fires of long ago, of the 50,000 acres cut from a wilderness that became a garden, of 17 settlements in 500 miles, is fascinatingly told in this book, which has been issued for the golden jubilee of the great dried fruits industry of Australia.

The man who hoisted the Union Jack there was an army officer with the famous name of Charles Sturt, in the days before the convicts had won their freedom, and when painted war-parties of Blackfellows were a constant source of danger. The man who was inspired with the idea of irrigation was Alfred Deakin; and the two practical apostles of irrigation were George and W. B. Chaffey, two men who put four new towns on the world's map in ten years. The story of their great struggle and their dauntless spirit is told in this book.

A Vision of the Future

The Chaffey brothers were born in Canada of British stock. They went to the United States, and, after achieving miracles of irrigation in California, made their home in Australia and came to the Murray Valley, where they electrified the people by declaring that what was then a drought-stricken desert would one day be a great fruit colony. The dry climate, small rainfall, abundant sunshine, and water, they said, would ripen and dry fruits without artificial means.

After many setbacks they were granted land by the Government under certain conditions, and the agreement was the first step taken with Government aid in scientific irrigation for intense culture. Huge pumping machines were installed and great canals dug, and soon water was trickling through the long furrows, and planting began. Grapes, apricots, oranges, nectarines, figs, pears, plums, walnuts, everything grew; and so grew up the great dried fruit industry of today. In 1891 five tons were sent away; now the State of Victoria alone produces nearly 40,000 tons.

Honourable and generous in public and private life, the two Chaffey brothers paved the way to prosperity, and, though nearly half a century has passed, the mere mention of their name reminds an Australian of their great place in the history of the development of the Commonwealth.

Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 42 the two best entries were sent in by Murdo Buchan, 1 Fern Cottages, Glasgow, W 3; and Betty Storer, 40 Harlow Road, Aberdeen. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The twelve prizes of half-a-crown have been awarded to the following:

Eric S. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Marjorie Evans, Liverpool; Janey Gavin, Edinburgh; Margaret Hawkins, Kirby-in-Ashfield; Christopher Herbert, Romsey, Hants; Eugene Marks, Wolverton; James Tootill, Liverpool; Peter Trueman, Kinsley nr. Pontefract; June Twigg, Tadcaster; Ivy Ward, Darwen; Marjorie Ward, Liverpool; Catherine Weir, Rosyth.

The correct answers were:

Electric heater; football; hockey-stick; hot-water bottle; skate; sledge; snowman; umbrella.

A Riverside Walk of Surpassing Beauty

It is now possible to walk freely for nearly five miles along the Derbyshire bank of the River Dove in the region of its greatest beauty.

By the generosity of Sir Robert McDougall, who has already done so much toward making Dovedale a national possession, the 48 acres of Cold Eaton Farm which lie beside the river from the Iron Tors to Biggin Dale have been bought for the National Trust. A gap in the property of the Trust has thus been filled and the way is open for one of the most beautiful walks in England, from the head of Biggin Dale to the Narrows at the end of the lovely gorge.

In addition to this riverside area the 400 acres of Cold Eaton Farm, which form wide, open uplands toward the Buxton-to-Ashbourne road, have been protected by covenants. From these hills there are magnificent views of the valley and beyond, while across Biggin Dale Wolfscote Hill can be seen raising its lofty dome.

This splendid addition to the land already owned by the National Trust brings our first National Park one stage nearer realisation.

PEACE HAS A VICTORY

400 Lives Saved in Spain

The peacemakers have saved 400 lives in Spain.

They were saved by the efforts of Sir Henry Chilton, British Ambassador, Mr J. H. Leeke, Minister Plenipotentiary, and Dr Junod of the Red Cross.

These three, after long negotiations with the two sides, came to an agreement to exchange 400 prisoners, 200 from the rebel side and 200 from the Government side. All these men were under sentence of death when they were exchanged, and it was a happy Christmas for them, for the exchange was made in time for Christmas.

We can almost dare to hope that it is the prelude to a happier New Year for Spain. If 400 prisoners can be exchanged, why not thousands, and if thousands, why carry on the war at all between those who are living? This is the second winter of this Civil War. Why pile up the numbers of more prisoners, and more victims of this senseless and purposeless strife?

This release of prisoners is only a tiny rift in the clouds brooding over unhappy Spain. We have sometimes hoped that a break in them was opening and have been disappointed when the clouds closed down again; but surely the efforts of the peacemakers will not always be in vain.

Absent Guests

One night in Cairo not long ago General Sir George Weir and 150 prosperous Britons sat down to dine.

In the Waterloo Road, London, at the same time 300 of London's hungry and homeless joined the party.

While the General was eating bread and cheese, the homeless London men were feasting on beef and plum pudding.

The explanation of the difference was that the Cairo section of the party were people who paid five shillings for a lean feast of lentil soup, bread and cheese and water, which cost three pence halfpenny a head, and the balance went to furnish the feast for men brought together by the Church Army in their Waterloo Road Hall.

The General and his friends drank in water the toast of "Absent Guests." The homeless ones drank, with even greater enthusiasm, the health in coffee of their Absent Hosts.

It would be hard to say which of the two parties enjoyed their dinner most, but the homeless needed it more.

"My boys and girls," moaned Mrs. Brown, "Turn every suet pudding down." Said Mrs. Gray, "They'll never do it If you use Atora Suet."

Mrs. Brown took her advice;

The children said "This pudding's nice."

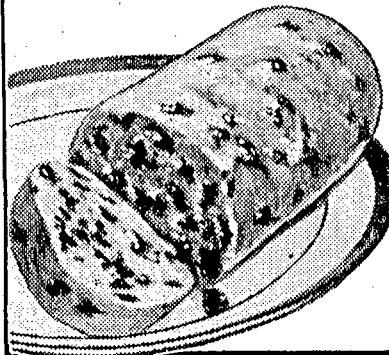
They now have pudding every day Made in the Atora way.

Each boy and girl is strong and bright With a sound and healthy appetite.

The difference with "Atora" is simply wonderful.

The secret is the way in which the separate tiny shreds, completely free from fibrous tissue, blend and cook evenly throughout the pudding. No uncooked portions—no large lumps—but deliciously light and dainty down to the last succulent morsel. And all the goodness is there as well. "Atora" is genuine beef suet, with all its rich

nutriment, made up in the most convenient form for use.



Send a postcard to-day for a post free copy of 100 best pudding, etc., Recipes, to HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester, 11.

N.54a

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

THIRTY BELOW

Short Story by
Tom Gifford

CHAPTER 1 The Cry

YOUNG Basil Brand piled more wood into the roaring stove. The top was cherry red yet the windows of the living-room were coated with frost ferns.

Basil rubbed a clear space and looked out across the ice-covered expanse of Sapphire Lake. The winter sun had just set and the sky was still a mass of crimson and gold, which turned the snow-clad surface of the great lake to a delicate rose colour. It was exquisitely lovely, but Basil had no thought for the beauty of the scene: his keen eyes were anxiously scanning the surface for sight of his father, whom he was expecting home from Golden, the county town.

The sky darkened, the rose turned to greyish white, then Basil spotted a little black line in the distance, and knew that it was his father's dog team coming swiftly homewards.

He left the window and at once began dishing up the supper which he had been cooking. Beefsteak, fried potatoes, a tin of fruit salad, coffee—it was all on the table when the door opened and his father came in.

"Hulloa, Dad!" cried Basil cheerfully. Mr Brand threw off his fur parka, which was thickly coated with rime, and the look on his face frightened Basil so that he stood quite still, gazing at his father.

"What's happened?" he asked at last.

Mr Brand dropped into a chair. He looked as if all the strength had gone out of him, and his face appeared ten years older than in the morning.

"You're hurt," said Basil sharply.

"No, I'm not hurt," his father answered hoarsely. "We're ruined, Basil. Harrigan outbid me. He has bought in the reserve."

"Harrigan!" Basil repeated. "What in the world does he want with it?"

"The timber."

"Surely he has enough of his own."

Mr Brand shrugged.

"You'd have thought so, but the more a man like that has the more he wants."

Basil drew a long breath.

"But, Dad, he doesn't want the grass. Surely he'll let you run the cattle there."

"He won't. I asked him. I offered to pay a good rent. He said he was fencing it all and planting. Told me that cattle would injure the young trees. I told him it was ruin. He didn't care."

Basil was silent. There was nothing more to say.

This reserve was a tract of about three hundred acres which had hitherto been Government land. On it Mr Brand had grazed his cattle. Suddenly the Government had put it up for sale, and it was to attend this sale that Basil's father had visited Golden. He had never doubted he would be able to buy it. He had not dreamed that anyone else wanted it. Without it he could not carry on, and all the work he had done in the seven years since settling on Crystal Lake was wasted.

Supper that night was a sad and silent meal, but all the time Basil was racking his brain for some way out of the trouble.

Basil had one card up his sleeve. He knew young Bud Harrigan, the millionaire timber man's son. Bud was about his own age—that is, fourteen—and not a bad sort. And Bud, as Basil knew, was at present at home for the Christmas holidays at Willow Bay, the Harrigan's big house on the far side of the lake. Basil made up his mind that he would cross the lake and have a talk with Bud. It wasn't very likely, yet Bud might do something to help.

Basil's chance came next day.

After midday dinner his father went off to see his nearest neighbour, Charles Metcalfe, to arrange the sale of his cattle and Basil at once put on his skates and started across the lake.

It was even colder than the day before. The spirit thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero, 62 degrees of frost. In all his life Basil had never known so cold a spell. He had seven miles to go, and by the time he neared Willow Bay the low sun shone redly upon a stark desolation of frozen hills and snow-clad forest. A thin wind straight from the Arctic bit like cold fire. For the rest it was deathly still.

Basil had nearly gained the shore when a strange sound came to his ears—a faint, thin fluting, infinitely chill and dreary. He pulled up short, and his breath came thick and jerkily as he listened. That sound was the hunting cry of a pack of wolves. For a moment he had the idea they were after him, and his skin crept

with sheer horror; then he realised that they were far away, yet all the same lie put on speed and made at full pace for the land.

The Harrigan's home was a real house, very different from the cabin in which Basil and his father lived. It had large outbuildings and a boat-house. But the only boat visible was the ice-yacht with which the millionaire amused himself.

Basil took off his skates, went straight to the door, and rang. Bud himself, a tall, rather skinny lad with a head of fair hair, opened it, and Basil saw at once that Bud was upset.

"Did you hear it, Basil?" was his first question.

"The wolves, you mean? Yes, but you're not scared of them. They can't hurt you."

"I'm not thinking of myself, you ass!" retorted Bud. "It's Dad I'm worried about. He and Nina are coming back from Golden."

"How? In the car?"

"No, worse luck! Dad's driving the sledge."

Basil bit his lip.

"And he has Nina with him. When do you expect them?"

"They said they'd be in before dark, but it's getting dusk and there's not a sign of them. And they'll never think of wolves."

"No," Basil said slowly.

He was thinking of pretty little Nina Harrigan and of her terror when she heard that dreadful cry. At that very moment it came again, and now it was louder, clearer, nearer. Basil turned sharply and opened the door.

"There they are," he said, pointing.

Bud gasped. "And—oh, Basil—there are the wolves!"

CHAPTER 2 Queer Craft

THERE were the wolves, not a doubt about it.

There was light enough left to see them, like a dark cloud on the smooth white surface. They were a long way behind the sledge, but the sledge itself was far out toward the south end of the lake. Basil—

JACKO DOESN'T LOOK

JACKO had a bad habit of not looking where he was going, and his family constantly pulled him up about it.

"You'll come a beautiful cropper one day if you don't look out!" Adolphus warned him.

"Oh, shut up!" retorted Jacko rudely. "You're a first-class puddle-stepper yourself!"

One Saturday afternoon his mother sent him to do some shopping in the

and Bud too—knew that the straining dog team would not have a possible chance of outrunning this great pack of the fleetest, toughest, hungriest beasts on earth.

And when they caught up! Basil gasped at the thought, then suddenly swung upon Bud.

"The ice-boat," he cried. "No, there's no room for you," he added sharply, and ran toward the lake.

The ice-yacht lay moored bow and stern to posts. Basil did not wait to untie the knots, but slashed the cords with his knife and sprang into the box-like body of the craft.

Regardless of frost-bite, he tore off his mitts and managed to shake out the main-sail and set the jib. He had hardly taken hold of the main sheet before the queer craft came to life and darted like a live thing across the ice.

An ice-boat is the only form of vessel which will travel faster than the wind, and, once clear of the shore, the steady breeze filled her sails and she swept away at something like thirty miles an hour.

From beneath her skeleton body came the droning hum of her long skate-like steel runners against the ice; her wire rigging sang like violin strings in the wind. Man never invented any sport more splendidly exhilarating than ice-yachting, but Basil's every thought was concentrated on the single object of rescuing Nina Harrigan and her father.

With each moment the sledge became clearer, but so, too, did the pack behind, and Basil saw that the wolves were gaining rapidly upon the tiring dogs. They swept across the ice like a grey cloud.

A mile out Basil struck a patch of rough, wind-scoured ice. Every timber groaned and vibrated. He held the boat desperately and saved her from disaster. A gust caught his sails and she flashed on at tremendous speed.

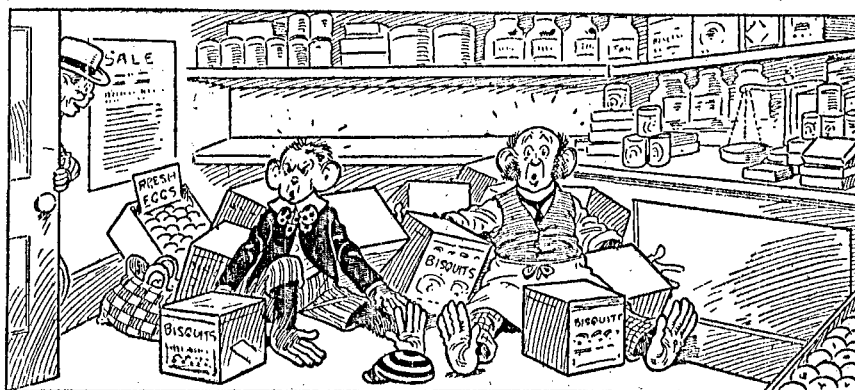
Basil had no gun; he had not even any distinct plan in his head. What he hoped was that sight of the boat might alarm the wolves and turn them.

He could see the sledge plainly now. The dogs, well knowing their fate if the wolves caught them, were racing at the top of their speed. In the twilight Basil saw Harrigan leaning forward, and heard his frantic shouts of encouragement to his team. Of Nina all that Basil could see was a bundle of furs crouched beside her father.

Just as he was coming out he turned to look at some chocolate boxes—and forgot to notice where he was going. He caught his foot on a little wooden step and over he went!

"Look out!" shouted old Mr Goodie; but he was too late. In a frantic effort to save himself Jacko flung up his arms and grabbed hard at a shelf.

Bumpety! Bump! Down toppled a row of biscuit tins—and down went Mr



The next moment they were sitting on the floor

market. The place was crowded, and Jacko had a lively time jostling about among people, dogs, and babies' prams.

"Gosh!" he breathed, elbowing his way up to some cabbages. "I'll be lucky if I get out of this traffic jam before morning."

The shopkeeper eyed him sternly.

"No shoving here, young man," he said.

"You'll wait your turn the same as the rest."

A long wait it was too. But at last the errands were finished, and Jacko marched into a sweet-shop to spend a well-earned penny.

Goodie, who had stumbled forward to catch them. The next moment he and Jacko were sitting on the floor, staring at one another round a great pile of biscuit tins!

It was bad luck that Adolphus happened to be passing just then, and saw it all through the window.

The door opened and his grinning face peeped in.

"I said you'd come a cropper," he said, "if you didn't—!"

Jacko, scarlet in the face, struggled to his feet and made a dash for the door. But Adolphus had disappeared.

He glanced at the wolves. The flitting grey shapes were now only about a quarter of a mile behind the sledge. They were huge, gaunt timber wolves, the most savage and dangerous of their kind. There were at least forty of them. They ran in a solid squadron, covered by a faint cloud of vapour, the steaming breath from their ravening throats.

CHAPTER 3 The Rescue

BASIL swept past the sledge about fifty yards to the left and drove straight at the wolf pack. Startled at this tall, white, ghostly craft which rushed upon them so fearlessly, the pack scattered, and for a triumphant moment Basil believed that they would turn and flee.

A bitter disappointment was in store, for in a few moments he saw that they were merely breaking into two packs to let him pass. These gathered again, and again took up the chase. There was only one thing to do—turn and try to pick Harrigan and his daughter from the flying sledge.

He hauled on the sheet and the yacht came round as if on a pivot. The scream of steel on ice checked the pack for an instant and he shot past in front of them.

But now only a matter of a couple of hundred yards separated the pack from the sledge. There was no time to lie to. He shouted to Harrigan.

"Be ready to jump. It's the only chance."

He saw Nina rise and throw off her fur coat. Now came the critical moment.

Fast as the sledge was moving, the ice-boat was travelling faster still. At all costs Basil must slacken speed. He let the peak halliards go, dropping the peak of the big main-sail and so diminishing its area by half. This cut his speed at once, but the consequence was that the wolves began to gain. Two great grey leaders were well in advance of the rest.

The yacht was almost abreast the sledge.

"Jump, Nina!" shouted Basil.

It took pluck and it took skill to jump from the sledge to the yacht, but Nina obeyed without a moment's hesitation. She landed cleanly on the edge of the boxed-in cockpit, and Basil, holding the tiller with one hand, caught her with the other.

"Dad!" she cried.

But Martin Harrigan was leaning forward, saving at the trace with his knife. "Must give the dogs a chance," he panted.

The yacht was forging ahead, and in sheer desperation Basil swung the tiller almost at a right-angle. The sharp steel shoe bit into the ice with a crunching sound, and the yacht came almost to a standstill.

"I've done it!" shouted Harrigan, as the trace parted and the dogs darted away.

He leaped to his feet, and as he did so the leading wolf sprang. With a quickness which was wonderful, Harrigan flung a heavy fur rug in its face, and as the brute fell back, blinded for the moment, Harrigan flung himself aboard the yacht.

"Let her go!" he said.

"The peak. Get it up!" Basil cried.

Harrigan grasped the halliard and hauled.

There came a scream from Nina.

Most of the pack had turned in pursuit of the dog team, but not the two leaders. The second of these, a huge, gaunt brute with flaming eyes, had jumped on the edge of the cockpit, and his huge jaws had closed on Basil's arm. Harrigan let go of the rope, pulled a pistol and, putting the muzzle against the wolf's head, pulled the trigger. The creature was dead before it fell.

Harrigan pulled up the sail and made it fast.

"Hurt?" he asked curtly.

"I can carry on," Basil said, and next moment the yacht was booming away at a speed far beyond that of the wolves.

Basil held her straight for the landing, and within five minutes ran her into Willow Bay and brought her round into the wind.

"Good work!" said Harrigan.

Basil did not answer.

"He—he's fainted," Nina said quickly.

Harrigan lowered the sails, turned, picked the boy up in his big arms, and carried him to the house.

Bud met them.

"Is Basil hurt?" he asked sharply.

"Not badly," said Bud's father. "He will soon come round, but he can't go home tonight."

"His father will be scared," Bud said.

"He won't," said Mr Harrigan. "As soon as Basil's in bed I'm taking the ice-boat and going over to see his father. I have something to tell him which I think will please him."

"About Basil, Dad?" Bud asked.

"Yes, and something else too, Bud. There's something he wants which I'm going to give him. It's only fair after what Basil has done for Nina and myself."

THE SAFE, SENSIBLE WAY to treat colds

VAPEX

TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Why suffer the discomfort of a cold for a minute longer than necessary? Vapex clears the head—relieves stuffiness and eases the breathing. By inhaling Vapex from your handkerchief, you reach every congested part of the nose and throat, destroying the germs and thus removing the infection.

Deep inhaling with Vapex is the logical way to attack a cold—a method that is safe and sure, and which does not contain harmful drugs.

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You can catch a cold wherever people gather. In train and bus, in theatre or cinema, millions of germs are breathed into—and from—the air. Then, if you are run down, worried or undernourished, you will catch colds.

Use Vapex as a preventative—a drop on your handkerchief for day long protection.

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Classrooms are notorious for spreading colds. A little Vapex on the handkerchief... with instructions to breathe from it occasionally... will keep your children free from colds.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM
THE MATRON OF A NURSING HOME
"I used to suffer dreadfully
from colds, but have not had
one for four years, entirely due
to using Vapex. I advise all my
patients and friends to use it."
—B. S., Burnham-on-Sea.

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VAPEX KILLS GERMS

You can feel Vapex doing you good—feel your discomfort slipping away from you. For 21 years Vapex has been clearing colds. All over the world many thousands of people use Vapex at the first sign of a cold. Many thousands more use it regularly to prevent colds.



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**DOES NOT
CONTAIN
ANY
DANGEROUS
DRUGS**

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF BY
DAY AND ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

It is a sensible precaution to have Vapex handy in the house. Put a bottle in reserve—today—and be ready for prompt action. In its earliest stages a cold is easiest to dispel.

Of all Chemists 2/- & 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., LTD.

KOLYNOS PICTURE PUZZLE COMPETITION

NOVEMBER, 1937

LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS

Owing to the success of the above
Competition the prize money was
increased from £11 to nearly £20.

CORRECT ENTRIES (16 Prizes at 15/- each).

H. Barbour, Raylton, Bulawayo; R. S. Turtor, Montego Bay, Jamaica; G. Turner, Wokingham, Berks; A. Hood, Arbroath, Angus; M. O. Wellington, Clapham Common, S.W.4; D. Woodruff, Maidenhead, Berks; W. Cairn, East Dulwich, S.E.22; E. Watt, Banchoy, Kincairdine-shire, N. Fife; A. Hastings, Sussex; S. Hawkes, Burnham, nr. Rochester; A. Raybould, Hedsnesford, Staffs; R. Neal, Bramhall, Cheshire; D. Malpass, Smethwick, Staffs; D. G. Ferguson, Waterford, Ireland; J. Maddin, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex; P. Fallows, North Vancouver, B.C.

ONE SPECIAL PRIZE (1 Prize at 7/6).

B. Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

NEATEST ENTRIES—ONE MISTAKE (17 Prizes at 7/6 each).

G. R. Pickard, Wollaton Park, Nottingham; E. G. Testevin, St. Peter's, Guernsey; J. Pugh, Peverell, Plymouth; K. Rutherford, Wallend, Northumberland; I. Burden, Erdington, Birmingham; S. Miller, Johannesburg, T.V.I.; South Africa; E. I. Payne, Colchester, Essex; G. Allen, Callington, Cornwall; K. Case, Fulham, S.W.6; A. H. Barracough, 27, Victoria Road, Colchester; R. E. Salt, Hay Mills, Birmingham; D. Papworth, Deal, Kent; J. Forsyth, Riddrie, Glasgow, E.1; R. Smith, Doncaster; K. Smith, Anstruther, Fife-shire; B. Glyn Denton, Worksop, Notts; G. Amey, Salisbury, Wilts.

HIGHLY COMMENDED (2 Prizes at 5/- each).

R. Allan, Cork; H. Kiehlund, Montreal West, Canada.

COMMENDED (4 Prizes at 2/6 each).

J. E. Dove, Clerkenwell, E.C.1; F. Kiddle, Llangarron, Hereford; M. Sidwell, Stoke, Devonport; N. Smith, Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.

THE CORRECT SOLUTION WAS

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|----------|
| (1) CLEAN | (2) FRESH | (3) FIRM |
| (4) SUNNY | (5) GOOD | (6) DRY |

It should be on every joint



The Reasons why MEAT NEEDS MUSTARD

- 1 MUSTARD EXCITES APPETITE.** The fresh tang of Mustard on the palate makes your mouth water. It sets the salivary juices in action and the first stage of digestion is started at once. All later stages of digestion depend on this.
- 2 MUSTARD SIMPLIFIES DIGESTION.** By breaking down rich, indigestible fats and breaking up the long fibres of lean, Mustard makes the task of digestion much simpler.
- 3 MUSTARD QUICKENS DIGESTION.** Mustard stimulates the digestive juices of the system. The more generous the supply of these juices, the quicker and more complete is your proper digestion of food.

Mustard means Colman's all over the world

ALL enquiries for advertising space in this publication should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

A GAME OF THRILLS



BELISHA

New, Novel and Simple

Every boy and girl will enjoy this new and entertaining game. "Belisha" has all the merits of a family game with the added attraction of demonstrating again and again the way to ensure road safety. As the game proceeds the players are taken on a tour of England and Scotland, from London to Oban, many of the cards bearing beautiful pictures in colour of famous beauty spots. Some cards illustrate the dangers of the road; some show how accidents may be avoided. There's a touch of humour, a smattering of geography, a new method of teaching "Safety First" in "Belisha" . . . and a heap of fun!

2/6 PER PACK

Pepys
Series

Every good Stationer and Store sells "Belisha".
Published by Cassell Bros.,
Ltd., London and Glasgow.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 15, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

USE BEFORE SMILING!
MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO
WHITEN TOOTH ENAMEL

THE BRAN TUB

Catch Question

MR SMITH (always has two eggs for breakfast. He never buys these eggs, neither does he steal them; they are not given to him, and he does not keep chickens.

How does he obtain his eggs?
Answer next week

The Ever-Gnu

THE gnu found his years sixty-three.
"I'm afraid I am old," murmured he.
But a python hissed, "Pooh! Recollect you're still gnu, And gnu can't be old, don't you see?"

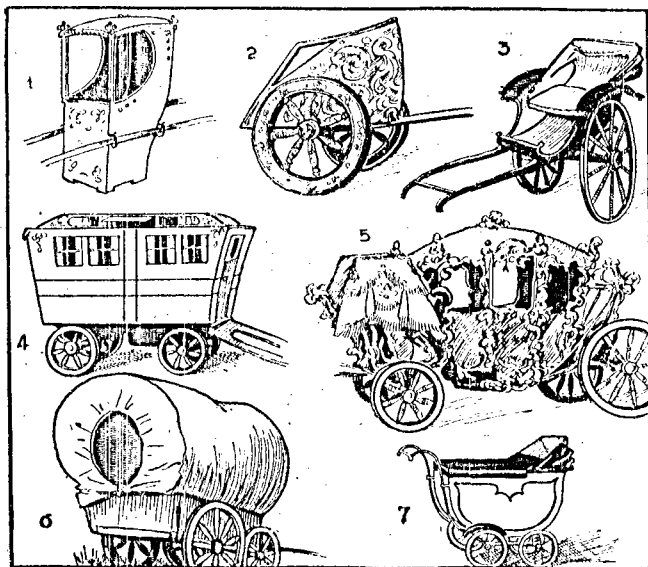
This Week in Nature

THE popular little wren begins to sing. It is the cock bird which sings, and with a strength very astonishing from such a tiny creature. The hen is slightly smaller than her mate and is duller in colour. The wren lays from four to a dozen eggs in a rather large, domed nest of moss.

What Happened on Your Birthday

Jan. 16. Sir John Moore killed 1809
17. Thomas Fairfax, Parliamentary leader, born 1612
18. Lord Lytton died. 1873
19. General Robert E. Lee born 1807
20. David Garrick died. 1779
21. Henry Hallam, historian, died 1859
22. Lord Byron born 1788

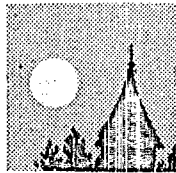
Whose Vehicles Are These?



Do you know these vehicles and who rides or has ridden in them? Number 7 obviously is a pram and it is used by a baby. The others are not so easy to identify.
Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars and Saturn are in the south-west and Uranus is in the south. In the morning Mercury is low in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon at nine o'clock on Sunday evening, January 16.



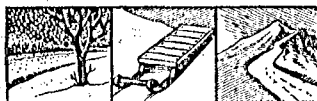
The Longest Word

It has often been said that the longest word in our language is smiles, because there is a mile between the first letter and the last. But Peter Puck has just been pointing out that the word beleaguered is longer because there is a league, or a distance amounting to three miles, between the first and last syllables.

Never . Never . Never

NEVER do things by halves. Never lean on a broken staff.
Never say die. Never look for the birds of this year in last year's nests.
Never stint soap and water. Never mind who your grandfather was.
Never hang a man twice for one offence. Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.
Never grudge a penny for a pennyworth. Never try to prove what nobody doubts.
Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today. Never despise the day of small things.
Never fry your fish till it is caught. Never buy a pig in a poke.
Never write what you dare not sign. Never burn your fingers to snuff another man's candle.
Never swap horses while crossing the stream. Never cry over spilt milk.

Ici on Parle Français



La neige snow
La luge toboggan
La colline hill

S'il nous vient encore une chute de neige, nous pourrions descendre la colline à toute vitesse sur nos luges.

If we get another fall of snow we shall be able to rush down the hill on our toboggans.

Beheaded Word

I AM a kind of grass.
Behead me and I am warm;
Behead again, and I am necessary at dinner;
Behead again, and I am a preposition.
Answer next week

Right About Turn

THE motorist pulled up and addressed the yokel.
"How far is it to Mudcombe, please?"
"It be about 24,996 miles the way you are going, but if you turn round it is just four."

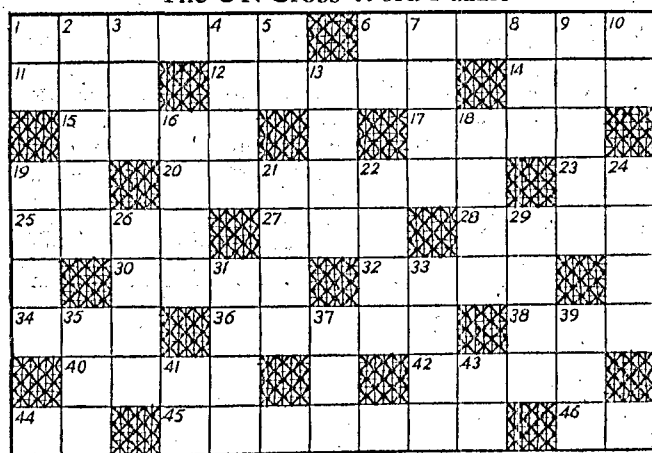
Not So Funny



KEEP on smiling! Do you say? I don't quite see the joke, I fear. It's very hard to laugh away A great wet snowball in the ear.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
Catch Question. Three ducks
What Are We? Coals

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. *Answer next week*

Reading Across. 1. The way out. 6. Narrow-necked vessel for storing liquid. 11. Part of the foot. 12. Tree with quivering leaves. 14. Consume. 15. Poems. 17. Employers. 19. Outside.* 20. An apothecary. 23. Town Councillor.* 25. An interstice of a net. 27. A large tub. 28. Comfort. 30. Wet mud. 32. Familiar shallow-rooting trees. 34. Nothing. 36. Fox. 38. Animal friend. 40. A sly glance. 42. England's national flower. 44. Electric light.* 45. Widow of a peer. 46. Behold!

Reading Down. 1. French for and. 2. This laid the golden egg. 3. A primary colour. 4. Ornamental scarf. 5. Steamship.* 6. Exist. 7. A responsibility. 8. Small pile of sand used by golfers. 9. Endures. 10. Same as 1 down. 13. The mountain lion. 16. Sound reflected and heard again. 18. A stalk. 19. A portent. 21. Not odd. 22. Detail of news. 24. Small American coin. 26. A flat fish. 29. Poisonous snakes. 31. Nil. 33. Harp-like instrument having curved horns. 35. Not well. 37. Period of time. 39. Snake-like fish. 41. Editor.* 43. Conjunction.

Five-Minute Story

The Showman

THERE was a secret about Stephen's party.

At tea everyone was wondering what the surprise could be and guessing all sorts of things.

Stephen was smiling quietly to himself when there was a loud knock at the door. In came a man with a large box in one hand and what looked like a bundle of planks over his back. "I'm the Punch and Judy man," he said.

Everyone shouted with delight. So that was it!

They got more and more excited when they saw the Punch and Judy stage going up. The boys were allowed to help to fix the planks together, and the girls to unpack the puppets. But Stephen noticed that the man kept looking at his watch.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Are you expecting someone?"

"It's my assistant," said the man. "He was to come on the bus, and ought to be here by now. The stage and my box quite filled the side-car of my motor bicycle, so I had to leave him to come on by himself."

"I'll run and ask if the bus has gone by," said Stephen.

When he returned he had a long face.

"The bus went by ten minutes ago," he said, "so your assistant must have missed it. Does it matter?"

"Well, I can do some parts of the show by myself," answered the man, "but some of it needs two people."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried Stephen. "It will spoil everything."

"Look here," said the Punch and Judy man suddenly to Stephen. "You look a sensible fellow. Get a chair to stand on, and come into the box with me. You can be my assistant."

Stephen, highly delighted, was soon mounted inside the stage, listening carefully to the Punch and Judy man's instructions. Then the audience settled down to watch.

Stephen handed the puppets to the man, set up the gallows at the right moment, and at one time was allowed to hold Judy on his fingers and thumb, and squeak out a sentence in her funny voice.

He was standing on tiptoe, trying hard to see the faces of the audience through the curtains, when he suddenly slipped, and clutched at the chair back with his free hand, while Judy shot out into the audience and landed on a girl's lap.

Everyone laughed, so the interruption didn't matter, and the whole party was a great success.

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WEEKLY
EVERY WEDNESDAY at all Newsagents and Bookstalls

CHILD'S TELL-TALE TONGUE

Your child's tongue will tell you definitely and unmistakably when the tiny system needs the help of a laxative. A coated tongue means a sour stomach and constipation. But, of course, you have to be most careful what kind of opening medicine you give a child. Strong purgatives leave the system more bound than ever.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative which acts on the system like fruit, and because, being a liquid laxative, you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Only a liquid laxative makes this possible.

'California Syrup of Figs' gently but completely clears all pent-up bile and hard, poisonous waste from the bowels. It sweetens the sour stomach, sharpens the appetite and strengthens digestion. It keeps the blood pure and free from fever. Remember, nothing stops a child's growth and progress like irregularities, so give a weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' Your child will love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

Get a bottle today. Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.